THE CONSTELLATION.

"VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE AND PLEASED WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULGED."

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THE CONSTELLATION.

The following story was originally published in the New England Galaxy—some six or seven years since,—and is now, after the manner of certain articles in a cotemporary hebdomadal, republished in this paper, with such amendments as suggested themselves to the author in the reperusal of an early production.

D.

NO EAR FOR MUSIC.

"The man that hath no music in himself,
And is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils;
Let no such man be trusted."

It has often been observed that the petty miseries of human life have greater influence on a man's happiness, than its more serious evils and misfortunes. Thus the comfort of some persons, is made the sport of the weather—the slightest change of the atmosphere produces a corresponding change in their feelings, and an east wind converts their good nature into the most exquisite spleen. Though I am not of this number, my happiness is ever at the mercy of circumstances not less whimsical. The evils which I suffer are of no ordinary character; and that they may be the more easily conceived of, I will give a brief outline of my history.

I am one of that unfortunate class of men, that fall under the horrid curse of Shakspeare, and who, according to the common phrase, have "no ear for music." I was born with a natural antipathy to every thing like harmony. Whether I inherited this disposition from my parents, I cannot say; but my mother had a melodious voice, and could sing psalm-tunes with some degree of skill, which inclines me to think otherwise. Whether the midwives who officiated at my birth quarrelled about the precedency, and blunted my tender organs of hearing with their obstreperous din; whether the elements were let loose to disturb the ceremonies of my nativity, or the spheres at this juncture unhappily grated harsh discord—whether one, or all of these causes combined, made my entrance into the world ominous, I am equally at a loss to determine. But of this I am certain, that I was born with "no ear for music," and have suffered in consequence, more than did ever poor Peter Schlemihl for the loss of his shadow.

I have been told, that while yet an infant, I was never pleased with those sounds which are generally soothing to children. I could never be sung to sleep by a lullaby, but whenever my nurse began to pitch her pipes, I would kick away in my cradle and roar out most manfully, as if spitefully determined to resist all such measures. The good lady, after her fruitless attempts to quiet me or to drown my voice in the loudness of her own—in which I always came off conqueror—would at length give over her singing; always, however, comforting herself with the exclamation, "the brat has no ear for music!"

After I had escaped from the clutches of my nurse—heaven quiet her sonorous lungs!—the same perversity of ear followed me in the amusements of boyhood. I never, like Franklin when a child, paid too dear for the whistle, for I never purchased one at any price. Nor would I, with other boys, follow in the wake of military companies, listening to the notes of the drum and fife; but would frequently steal away from my companions to the margin of a pond, and bury myself among the rushes to gratify my strange taste for the croaking of frogs. Their discordant noise was the only sound I had any relish for—there was something in it congenial to my feelings. The various kinds of *brek-e-kex*—as the Greek word for the croaking of frogs admirably expresses it—from the shrill note of the tadpole to the deep intonations of the paddoc, all commingled "in one discordant whole," had more charms for my ear, than the most martial airs played upon the drum, trumpet, horn and fife. If I happened to be caught in such expeditions, as I sometimes would be, I invariably received the admonition—"Aye, aye, the toad loves to hear the croaking, but he has no ear for music."

Thus did my eccentric genius vegetate among the bullrushes, till the circumstance getting to the knowledge of my mother, like the daughter of Pharaoh, she sent her maid to bring home the young Moses, and rescue him from the dangers with which he was surrounded. My life was, indeed, preserved, but whatever of musical taste I might before have possessed, was long since drowned in the strains of the frogs, far beyond the power of resuscitation. But my mother, in order to reclaim her son from his habits, resolved on sending me to a singing school. The road thither lay by the pond, and I gathered a quantity of the rushes, which I carefully wound around my music-book, as a charm to preserve me from the machinations of the singing-master. As I lingered about the spot, the croakings of the frogs resounded mournfully in my ears—it was my own dirge, chanted by the voices I loved most to hear. Rather than proceed, I half determined to drown myself in the pond; but the thought of my mother deterred me from the act—closing my ears, therefore, I hurried away as fast as I could run.

The instructor under whom I was placed, was one of those musical geniuses, who have worn out their lungs in the constant exercise of singing; and, like a superannuated pair of bellows, he could emit only a few faint and occasional puffs. To supply this defect, however, he had a large French-fashioned nose—partly natural and partly produced by the use of snuff—in the cavity of which the sounds by echoing, gained what they lacked in original strength. He approached to "sound" me. As he opened his jaws, every tooth in my head began to chatter. "Sound with me, my boy," said he, sending forth a nasal "taw," which made me quaver all over. Terrified, I squeaked out in a tone about as low as the dying note of a sucking pig, "f—f—fa—faw." "Louder!" said he; whereupon I raised my voice to a shrill key. "Now low," sinking his tone to a deep grunt. But it was impossible—I could make nothing but that same shrill piercing noise. At last his patience was exhausted; "the frogs have spoilt you, you have no ear for music," said he somewhat irritated, and dismissed me.

I returned home, the sound of his voice still ringing in my ears. I was now suffered to live at my pleasure and to visit the pond as often as I chose, being considered beyond the power of music. I had begun to ripen into the bone of manhood and wanted nothing but a taste for music to render me an interesting object in the eyes of the other sex. I was frequently drawn into their company, and even conceived a fancy for a black-eyed beauty, till I happened to overhear her singing one of Moore's amorous songs, which sunk my passion below the freezing point at once. I had recourse to the bullrushes again, and it was a long time before I recovered my wonted spirits. Afterwards I was more fortunate in escaping the torture of singing females, and this perhaps reconciled me to their sex. But once I was unfortunately caught in a party of ladies, one of whom was reputed a perfect nightingale, though to me the voice of a screech-owl would have been more agreeable. She was invited to sing, and without much persuasion suffered herself to be led to the piano. And then she sung—ye gods! how she did sing! I shall not attempt to describe the doublings and redoublings of her voice, the trillings and warblings, the risings and fallings, and all that sort of thing, for which the musicians have a name,—for, to confess the truth, I was all the while indulging in a sound nap and dreaming of my elysium of bullrushes. I know not how long I might have slept, had I not been awakened by a loud laughter. We were formed in a circle round the music, and, on opening my eyes, I found that I was the object of universal merriment. As soon as the lady had finished playing, she turned round to the company, and with a look of ineffable chagrin and disdain, ejaculated, "The fellow has no ear for music!" "Eh!" responded I; but by this time she was well in for another tune, whereupon I fell into a second doze.

About this period of my life I entered college.—Among my classmates, were several who were already skilled in the science of music, both vocal and instrumental; while others, who composed by far the larger number, were just beginning to sing and to play upon the different musical instruments. I now suffered perpetual martyrdom from the gratification of their taste.

The remark of the frog, when he and his fellows were pelted with stones by the boys, presented itself with full force to my mind. "Children," said he, "though this may be sport to you, it is death to us." I thought it deserved a place among the sayings of the seven wise Greeks, and should be inscribed in letters of gold on every temple of the muses. No sooner was I seated at my studies, than the din of flutes, violins and clarionetts, distracted my attention and utterly prevented every intellectual operation. I would sometimes retire into my closet, and thus endeavor to shut out the sounds which haunted me; but alas! as well might I have hoped to shut thought out of my mind, by closing ears and eyes. Sometimes I would stuff my ears with cotton; and once I cemented them with sealing wax. Hot as it was, it did not pain me half so excruciatingly as the notes of a flute.

But none of these artifices were of any avail. I now became dejected and melancholy. I loathed my existence—in short I was on the point of dying by music. My imagination grew distempered. In my dreams, I saw nothing but young devils with horns in their mouths, on which they would wind such horrid blasts, that I would start in my sleep and supplicate loudly for help. What increased my malady was, that about this time the chapel organ, being out of repair, was undergoing the operation of tuning. Oh! what misery, what excess of wretchedness, did I not then suffer! Each note of the organ struck a tender and sore chord in my heart every sound wrung a bitter tear from my eyes. I had well nigh gone distracted, to such a pitch were my feelings excited. I wandered about the college grounds, with my hands fast locked to my ears; but the only notice that was taken of me, was—"there goes the man with no ear for music."

The winter vacation had now come, and I found some consolation in the prospect of quitting college for a season. To escape more effectually from my troubles, I determined to take a school in some retired place in the country. In the transports of my joy I exclaimed with the poet,

"Oh for a lodge in some vast wilderness,
Some boundless contiguity of shade,
Where sound of trumpet, fiddle, drum and fife,
Might never reach me more!"

I was well satisfied with the business of school-keeping. I lived fat and recovered my wonted spirits and complexion. But these halcyon days were too bright to last—this pleasant calm was but the forerunner of a dreadful storm. I was not, however, without some intimation of my approaching fate; for as I returned home one afternoon, having finished the labors of the day, wading through the huge drifts of snow, with one of my smallest scholars under each arm and another on my back—a flock of robbins flew suddenly across my path, singing as merrily as though May herself had come about. I needed no Roman augur to interpret this omen. I am not superstitious in other matters, but this was touching me in a weak part. Quick as thought, I dropped the children, and retreated home with all speed. The flight of the birds was at length explained—the storm burst upon me. The following morning I found a card on my breakfast table, running in this manner:—

"Mr. ——— and Lady are respectfully solicited to attend a ball at the tavern of Deacon ———, in ———. Dancing to commence precisely at sunset."

This, then, was the dire calamity portended—I am invited to attend a country ball where is to be dancing,—and music, of course.

I had thus far sustained the character of a country pedagogue extremely well, and were I now to decline this part of my service, I should lose all my hard-earned laurels. I ought to mention, in this place, that the school-master in a country village, is common property—the universal beau, who is expected to accept of all invitations that are sent him—to christenings, and funerals, and weddings, husking matches and quilting parties, night meetings and dances. I had got along well enough with all but the last. I had shed tears among the sorrowful, and had nearly burst my sides with laughter in the society of the merry. I had exhausted my politeness and small talk at quiltings, and cracked nuts and jokes at the huskings. I had assisted in all these services, except the singing at the night-meetings—in this I was unable to bear my part, for I had "no ear for music," and knew not the difference between Old Hundred and Yankee Doodle. But now I was to go where music was one of the principal amusements. I thought of the subject frequently, in school and in bed, till after three days and three nights of painful deliberation, I concluded to accept the invitation.

My courage had mounted to the sticking point, and I was prepared for the worst. But where and how was I to procure a lady? there was the rub—for to go to a ball in the country unprovided with a partner, is like the grenadier in the nursery song, going to the ale-house without money. The oldest female in my school passed, in the district, for a "likely girl," She dressed tidily, and smoothed her hair with buttermilk in graceful undulations over a narrow strip of forehead. Some how or other, she had learned that I was to be at the ball. Accordingly she neglected none of those little artifices, which women know so well how to use, to recommend herself to my notice. She got all her lessons better than she was accustomed to get them, and bestowed unusual pains in setting off her person to the greatest advantage. One morning she came to school long before the others; around her neck she wore the family string of gold beads and a pair of flame-colored stockings on her feet. The beads rose and fell, as she entered, in short and rapid palpitations, and her fiery feet peeped out from beneath her frock, and seemed to ogle her most amorously. I had not the heart to resist appeals and hints like these, and I immediately gave her a verbal invitation to accompany me to the ball.

The fatal night was at last arrived. Dismissing school at an earlier hour than usual, I hastened to my abode, and with a trembling hand "sacrificed to the Graces." It was one of those cold moon-light nights which are peculiar to New-England, and my dulcinea and I enveloped ourselves in a goodly number of buffalo skins, and thus accoutred, and with her father's own horse and sleigh—for the good man had proffered me the use of them as soon as he heard of the notice I had taken of his daughter—we drove off for the dance. There was but one sleigh-bell to our establishment, and it seemed to dance and exult at my approaching destiny. As we drew near the tavern, the music and dancing greeted our ears. It produced such an exhilerating effect on my companion, that she kicked off the buffaloes and begun dancing in the sleigh. I cannot tell how I gallanted her into the drawing-room, for so impatient was she to get there, that she rather carried me than I waited upon her. But we were no sooner there, than flinging off her over garments, she darted into the hall and was footing it the next moment with a young fellow in the dance. I prepared myself more deliberately, for I knew what to expect. At length I got ready, and was ushered into the hall by a country pedagogue—not college educated—who stuck as close to me as if we were class-mates.

On one side of the room, was seated a long row of country beauties, like wall-flowers, all arrayed in their best. Opposite sat the young men, who were casting occasionally knowing glances at their respective sweethearts. The tickets were now distributed, and I was the lucky holder of a fine, sprightly girl. She was all life, and could not keep her feet still a moment. But when it was our turn to lead down the dance, she grasped my hands and whirled me along with the rapidity of lightning. As long as she guided me, I went well enough; but when left to myself, I was, in my movements, like a ship without a rudder—I could not keep step—I got far before the others, treading on the toes of those I passed, and making sad work with frocks and finery. At length I came to a dead stand, and was obliged to retire to my seat covered with confusion. My partner in misery, as it to console me for my misfortunes, whispered in my ear—"You missed a figure or so coming down; I guess you havn't got no ear for music, Sir." I was about to reply, but a flourish of the fiddle-stick put every idea in my head to flight. I danced no more the rest of the evening, and attended no more balls the rest of that winter.

I might now go on to relate my adventures in the military line, and to describe the evils I encountered when I came to shoulder a musket, by having "no ear for music;"—how that I disordered the marching, barked the heels of my neighbours, and lost the office of corporal, by being unable to keep step with the music. But I have wearied my readers too long, I fear, with the recital of my sufferings, in which the larger part of them cannot sympathize. I have told a story which some will disbelieve, and others will deride—

"I know this is unpopular, I know
'Tis blasphemous,"

to speak one word, or harbor a single thought against the all-pervading, soul-ravishing powers of music. But I have suffered so much by music—have been persecuted so long with singing, from the cradle to the grave—no, not to the grave, but I shall soon be there, if my misfortunes continue—that "though it do split me, I must speak." I have endured not only the miseries which I have detailed, but have been taunted by the thoughtless, upbraided by the wise, laughed at by the young, abhorred by the aged, and treated with ridicule and contempt wherever I have come, merely because I am so unfortunate as to have——"no ear for music."

D.

MISCELLANY.

THE DEATH FEAST.

"The birth-day, or the wedding-day,
Let happier mourners keep;
To death my festal vows I pay,
And try in vain to weep.
Some griefs the strongest soul might shake,
And I such grief have had;
My brain is hot—but they mistake
Who deem that I am mad.
My father died, my mother died,
Four orphans poor were we:
My brother John worked hard, and tried
To smile on Jane and me.
But work grew scarce, while bread grew dear,
And wages lessened too,
For Irish hordes were bidders here
Our half paid work to do.
Yet still he strove, with failing breath
And sinking cheek, to save
Consumptive Jane from early death—
Then joined her in the grave.
His watery hand in mine I took,
And kissed him till he slept:
Oh, still I see his dying look!
He tried to smile, and wept!
I bought his coffin with my bed,
My gown bought earth and prayer:
I pawned my mother's ring for bread,
I pawned my father's chair.
My Bible yet remains to sell,
And yet unsold shall be;
But language fails my woes to tell—
Even crumbs were scarce with me.
I sold poor Jane's gray linnet then,
It cost a groat a-year;
I sold John's hen, and missed the hen
When eggs were selling dear;
For autumn nights seemed wintry cold,
While seldom blazed my fire,
And eight times eight no more I sold
When eggs were getting higher.
But still I glean the moor and heath;
I wash, they say, with skill;
And workhouse-bread ne'er crossed my teeth—
I trust it never will.
But when the day on which John died
Returns with all its gloom,
I seek kind friends, and beg, with pride,
A banquet for the tomb.
One friend, my brother James, at least
Comes then with me to dine:
Let others keep the marriage-feast,
The funeral feast is mine.
For then on him I fondly call,
And then he lives again!
To-morrow is our festival
Of death, and John, and Jane.
Even now, behold! they look on me,
Exulting, from the skies,
While angels round them weep to see
The tears gush from their eyes!
I cannot weep—Why can I not?
My tears refuse to flow:
My feet are cold, my brain is hot—
Is fever madness? No.
Thou smilest, and in scorn—but thou,
Couldst thou forget the dead?
No common beggar curtsies now,
And begs for burial bread." *Elliot.*

CHRISTMAS.

Through the lapse of some twenty winters, I distinctly recollect my feelings, when an older boy first announced to me the simple and beautiful superstition that on Christmas Eve, at the hour of midnight, the cattle always kneel. It would be an easy and amusing, though not very profitable, task to trace this innocent absurdity to its true source. It is much more to our purpose, and more in harmony with our feelings at this time, to draw from it its proper and touching morality, as gently reminding us of the homage with which our hearts should anticipate the Festival of Him, who, at this time, "came to visit us in great humility." Duller, indeed, must we be than the poor ox that treadeth out the grain, if our hearts need more than to be reminded of this week, to humble ourselves in fervent, grateful, joyful acknowledgment of that unspeakable gift.

And give thyself unto Him, full and free,
That full and freely gave Himself to thee.

It is not possible that a Christian heart can fail to mark with especial reverence the approach of Christmas. It seems to us as the one "halcyon moment of the year," when vain regrets must cease, unhallowed murmurs be still, all bitterness and malice laid aside, and the whole subdued and softened heart put on its beautiful garments of faith and hope and love, to welcome the coming of the "Prince of Peace."

It is a beautiful trait in the history of our Religion, that it has ever been so conversant with humble and rural life, and that so much of its beautiful imagery comes from the field, the vineyard and sheep-fold. What an inimitable pastoral scene! "And there were in the same country, shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flocks by nights."

To our mind, this festival has ever borrowed a charm from its celebration in the winter. It is so comfortable to look through driving snow, and blinding sleet, to the beaming face of merry Christmas: there is such a contrast between the stern severities without, and the radiant cheerfulness within: there is such a genial warmth in the friendly Christian's hand, and such a brightness in the kindly Christian's eye, and such a glow of faith and hope and joy and love, in the exulting Christian's heart—that I scarcely know if Christmas would be *Christmas* at any other season; and I am quite sure, without it, a rugged winter could hardly be endured. And then what a noble occasion for Christmas charity. I pity the man or woman that (*barns filled with plenty*) can go to rest, that night, without having provided for *their* comfort and cheerfulness who have neither basket nor store, barrel of meal nor cruse of oil. The poor we have always with us. The wants of the sick and needy are ever to be supplied. But in the winter—on Christmas day—let it not be said, that, in Christendom, there was a want, a sorrow known to Christian bounty, and within the reach of its relief, that was not reached and relieved.—*Alexandria Gazette.*

IMMORTALITY.

"As the minute eye of the naturalist may, in the caterpillar or the chrysalis, perhaps discover prognostics of the future inhabitants of the air, may not the serener observer of the human soul find forebodings of its future elevation; and even amid its struggles with the sorrows of the present life, may he not mark its progress to a higher state of being?"—*Ainslie.*

"And mortal, on thy closing eyes,
Another day shall still unfold;
A dawn of milder radiance rise,
A happier age of joys untold.
Shall the poor worm that shocks thy sight,
The humblest form in nature's train,
Thus rise in new born lustre bright,
And yet the emblem teach in vain?
Ah! where were once her golden eyes,
Her glittering wings of purple pride?
Concealed beneath a rude disguise,
A shapeless mass to earth allied.
Like thee, the hapless reptile lived,
Like thee he toiled, like thee he spun;
Like thine his closing hour arrived;
His labour ceased, his web was done.
And shalt thou, numbered with the dead,
No happier state of being know?
And shall no future morrow shed
On thee a beam of brighter glow?
Is this the bound of power divine,
To animate an insect frame?
Or shall not he who moulded thine,
Wake at his will the vital flame?"

THE BRITISH DOMINIONS IN NORTH AMERICA, &c.

By J. Bouchette, Esq. 2 vols 4to. London, 1831.

[A new work relating to our neighbours.]

Public attention, says the Literary Gazette, has of late been much directed to the North American colonies; and the intrinsic value and political weight of these appanages of the empire has been the theme of a prolonged inquiry, and as yet undecided discussion. Emigration, and the timber-trade questions, resolved themselves naturally into these important considerations. Into the first of these subjects Mr Bouchette enters at considerable length; and we have much pleasure in hearing from him the still increasing success of the lately founded townships in Upper Canada, and the encouraging prospects to new settlers. Among the variety of valuable information furnished by him, we should have been glad to have found his opinions, whether the tenure in *seigneurie*, or of free and common *soccage*, is most advantageous, and of more immediate benefit to the provinces; and whether the dense and surplus Canadian population does not imperatively call for the creation of new *seigneuries* for their location on the crown lands; as, in consequence of the unconquerable attachment they manifest for their ancient laws and customs, all attempts to distribute them in townships have been quite nugatory. As regards the advantages derived from the excessive impulse given to the timber trade, we are much pleased to catch an expression of the author's opinion in unison with our own. The chief business of the population should be agriculture; and we are quite sure that the progress of our colonies has rather been retarded than forwarded by the direction of the spare numbers of the laboring classes to the getting out of pine timber, and the digging for gypsum; but for these, the exportation of grain, which affords a remunerating price, would have greatly increased, and the fisheries might not have been so much engrossed by an enterprising neighbor. Mr. Bouchette's description of the topography of these provinces are penned with all the accuracy of a surveyor; and if acquainted with Mr. Galt's no less faithful sketches of the inhabitants, the reader may easily in his own mind, people the landscape. The progress of society, as rapid in these colonies as their spring vegetation, is methodically traced and described, from the first peopling of the solitude of the pine-forest, through all the gradations of improvement, to the assumption of the characters of towns and even cities, upon the same site. The genius of the mother country is distinctly manifest in many of the early advancements and infant foundations of her colonies; and we may cite as an example the numerous canals now in progress, or completed, in these provinces for the more expeditious transits of merchandise, or as precautionary defences against foreign aggression.

Of the state of society the author does not profess to give any account; and not being original in this particular, it is almost needless to remark, that education is another subject on which he scarcely touches. Of the portions of these volumes which relate to the provinces of Uppor and Lower Canada, we report in terms of commendation; but as respects those of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, they do not contain much that has not been gathered from preceding publications, particularly from Mr. Halliburton's account of Nova Scotia, the best provincial history with which we are acquainted. We had almost forgotten to speak in terms of unqualified praise of the fidelity and execution of the views which adorn the pages: the lithography is extremely creditable to the artist. We have great difficulty in selecting a specimen for the opinion of our readers; all the striking features of foaming fall and lake have been so frequently and so lately troubled by Captain Hall and others, that we would rather let them rest and subside in peace. Perhaps a description of Kingston, the naval arsenal, and of the flourishing settlements in the neighborhood, finishing with a summary of the improvements in the lower [upper] province will have some little claim for freshness and variety.

"The town of Kingston, the largest and most populous of the Upper Province, is very advantageously seated on the north side of the river St. Lawrence, or rather at the eastern extremity of Lake Ontario: it is in latitude 44 deg. 8 min. north, and in longitude 76 deg. 40 min. west from Greenwich. On the ground upon which it is built formerly stood Fort Frontenac, an old French post. Its foundation took place in 1783; and by gradual increase it now presents a front of nearly three quarters of a mile, and in 1828 contained a population ascertained by census to amount to 3528 inhabitants, exclusive of the troops in garrison; including the latter, and making due allowance for two years' increase, its population may now be computed at not less than 5,500 souls. The streets are regularly planned, running at right angles with each other, but not paved. The number of houses may be estimated at about six hundred and seventy. Most of them are well built of stone: many of them spacious and commodious: but very few are remarkable for the taste or elegance of their structure. An extensive wooden bridge of much solidity and beauty has recently been thrown over the narrowest part of the channel, between Point Frederick and the town. It exceeds six hundred yards in length, and has materially added to the scenery of the place and the convenience of its inhabitants. The public buildings are a government-house, a court-house, a Protestant and a Catholic church, a market-house, a gaol, and hospital, besides the garrison, block-houses, government magazines, and stores. This town has obtained considerable mercantile importance within the last twenty years: wharfs have been constructed, and many spacious warehouses erected, that are usually filled with merchandise: in fact, it is now become the main entrepot between Montreal and all the settlements along the lakes to the westward. From the commencement of spring until the latter end of autumn, great activity prevails: vessels of from eighty to nearly two hundred tons, employed in navigating the lake, are continually receiving and discharging their cargoes, as well as the bateaux used in the river; and the magnificent steamboats that ply between Kingston, York, and Niagara, contribute largely to the lively animation of the scene. Its commercial importance must also be considerably enhanced by the opening of the Rideau canal, which will necessarily render it the emporium of the whole trade of the two provinces, whether carried on by the St. Lawrence or through the Ottawa. The harbor is well sheltered and convenient, accessible to ships not requiring more than three fathoms water, with good anchorage close to the north-eastern extremity of the town. The entrance to it is defended by a battery on Mississaga Point, and another on Point Frederick; which, with the shoal stretching from the former, with only five feet of water upon it, are quite sufficient for its protection. Opposite to the town, and distant about half a mile, is a long low peninsula, forming the west side of Navy Bay. The extremity of it is called Point Frederick. Point Henry is the extremity of another peninsula, but of higher and more commanding ground, that forms the eastern side of it. This is the principal depot of the royal navy on Lake Ontario, and where the ships are laid up during the winter. The anchorage is good, but somewhat exposed to south and south-west winds. It is very well defended by batteries and block-houses on Point Frederick, and by a strong fort on Point Henry. On the western side of Navy Bay are the dock-yard, large store-houses, slips for building ships of war, naval barracks, wharfs, and several dwelling-houses for the master builder and other artificers, for whom, since their occupations have been so unremitting it has been found necessary to erect habitations on the spot. In this yard the ships composing the present British Ontario armament were built and equipped. The construction of the St. Lawrence, a first-rate, mounting one hundred and two guns, will sufficiently prove that the power of this fleet may hereafter be increased to a vast extent. At Sacket's Harbour, the rival of Kingston as a naval depot, the maritime forces of the United States are kept. During the war large vessels were there put upon the stocks, one of which was represented as exceeding in dimensions the largest man-of-war in the British service, being two hundred and ten feet in length on her lower gun-deck. It is a fact singular enough, and well worthy of remark, that the largest armed ships in the world should thus be found in the heart of an immense continent, on the fresh waters of an interior lake, and at so remote a distance from their more familiar element, the ocean. As a rival station to the American one of Sacket's Harbour, Navy Bay is entitled to every consideration; and as long as it becomes an object to maintain a naval superiority on the lake, the greatest attention must be paid to this establishment; particularly when we observe with what care our rivals complete such of their ships as were begun during the war, and also the measures they are adopting generally, to be enabled to contend against us, at a future period, with numerical strength in their favor; and, in fact, the methods they pursue are well calculated to obtain the object they steadily keep in view. The conduct of an enterprising neighbour should always be narrowly observed, and a countervailing power be prepared, commensurate to the means of aggression, in the event of hostilities. The Americans build their ships much faster than we do on our side, and for this reason,—strength is the chief object with them; and if that be obtained, they care but little about beauty of model or elegance of finishing; in fact, they receive no other polish than what is given them by the axe and the adze. On the other hand, we employ as much time upon ours as we should in the European dock-yards. They are undoubtedly as strong as the Americans; they are handsomer, and much better finished; but they are far more expensive, and will not endure a longer period of service. When we reflect, that ships built on this lake will not last more than five, or at most six years of actual service, it may be a subject not unworthy of consideration, whether we cannot, with some advantage to ourselves, adopt the methods of our opponents; and if we have a fleet as strongly built, equal in number and size to theirs, and capable of keeping up the unrivalled splendor of our national banner, be satisfied with it, although it be not a rival in beauty and splendid decorations to that which has awed every enemy into submission. * * * *

"In taking a general and comprehensive view of Upper Canada, and glancing retrospectively to what it was fifteen years back, the accelerated march of its prosperity and improvement is remarkably striking. Within that period, the mass of the country has been surveyed, settlements formed in almost every township, and towns and villages have sprung up with extraordinary energy in various directions. Canals of an elegance and utility, and of dimensions unrivalled, if equalled, on this continent, have been opened through the province. The Welland and the Rideau canals remove from the frontier, the internal communication by water, from the remotest British settlements of the St. Lawrence, to the sea. The Burlington and Desjardins canals afford important advantages to the fertile district in which they are situated. The navigation of the lakes and rivers has undergone the greatest amelioration. Eight or ten steamboats, some of them of great elegance, now form several complete and convenient lines of communication between the remote parts of the country. Manufacturers and mechanics have also made considerable progress; coarse linens and woolen cloths are successfully manufactured for domestic use by most good farmers; and manufactories of iron are established at Marmora and Charlotteville. Saw and grist mills (there are upwards of five hundred of them,) distilleries and breweries, are to be found in all the settled parts of the province. The principal towns in most districts contain proper public buildings, such as churches, court-houses, gaols, warehouses, &c. At York, a provincial bank is established under the legislative authority, with branches at Kingston and Niagara. District schools, under the general superintendence of a board, and the immediate direction of trustees, are established throughout the province; and a college, upon the principle of similar institutions in England, has been founded and recently opened in the capital of the colony. The learned professions—the members of which are in general numerous—have also their ornaments; and eight or ten presses issue weekly newspapers, for the most part very intelligently edited, and circulating widely through the province. Post towns are frequent, and afford conveniently the means of communication with celerity and safety."

[To this we may very properly add an illustration of the politics of the province, by an extract from a contemporary.]

We mentioned in our last, the expulsion from the House of Assembly of Mr. *Mackenzie*, member from the county of York. The last number of the Colonial Advocate which has reached us, is nearly filled with notices of the affair. Mr. M's accusation, trial and defence, occupied several days. The libels against the House were two articles reflecting on the government of the Province, and the defence of Mr. M. was voted by a majority of 19 (27 to 15) to be an aggravation of his original offence of libel—which had passed by the same vote. On the question of expulsion, 24 were in favor, and 15 against it—majority 9.

The same paper gives a long account of a "meeting of friends of freedom in U. C.," held on the evening of the 9th Dec. "to consider of the propriety of adopting an address to the Lieut. Governor praying His Excellency to dissolve parliament, when the draft of a petition was submitted and unanimously agreed to. On the 12th, a copy of the document was transmitted to the government office, with information that the people would, the next day, proceed in a body to the Government House to present their petition and receive His Excellency's answer. At the appointed hour the petitioners, 930 in number, waited upon the Lieut. Governor, headed by their Chairman and Secretary, and were received in the audience chamber. The petition, which had been signed by nearly 600 freeholders, was then presented. It was a brief article, but not wanting in point, as its introduction, in the following words, will show—"Your Petitioners have,

with the deepest regret, beheld the idle and unprofitable manner in which the House of Assembly of this Province have spent the greater part of last, and as yet, the present Session, in angry and personal debates, on matters of little or no consequence to the country at large, neglecting those which are of the most vital importance to the welfare and happiness of this populous and flourishing portion of the British Empire," &c. &c. They pray, therefore, that the Parliament may be dissolved to afford an opportunity for a new election.

His Excellency's reply it is stated was thus expressed. 'Gentlemen, I have received the petition of the inhabitants.' The 'Advocate' proceeds with the account thus,—"The freeholders being joined by about a thousand of the towns people, immediately afterwards proceeded in a body to the residence of Mr. Mackenzie and chaired him through the town, in token of their approbation of his political career. The procession stopt and gave three cheers in the Market Square, at the Parliament House, and opposite the Guardian Offices. Mr. M. addressed the people from one of the windows of the Sun Hotel; and three warm and enthusiastic cheers were given in honor of 'the Sailor King;' three for Earl Grey and the Reform Ministry also cheers in approbation of 'the patriotic Governor, Assembly and people of Lower Canada,' whose noble example of union and harmony in support of the principles of the British Constitution, we consider worthy of imitation. Mr. M. then left the meeting, which was re-organized for the purpose of taking into consideration His Excellency's answer and insuring the re-election of their late county member."

The meeting of freeholders, mentioned as assembled to consider the case before them, proceeded unanimously to adopt a series of resolutions, 12 in number, the substance of which we now annex:—They express the satisfaction of those present, with the political and editorial career of Mr. M.—their approval of his defence before the House—that they consider the loss of time, &c. in the trial of Mr. M. a public grievance and injury—that they consider the reply of His Ex'cy to their petition unsatisfactory and insulting, and therefore they will take the sense of the people on the propriety and expediency of petitioning His Majesty for His Ex'cy's removal, and for the appointment hereafter of men in civil life, instead of military men, to be at the head of the Provincial Government—that they will set on foot a general subscription for the purpose of printing and circulating a fair and true report of the trial and expulsion of Mr M. from the House of Assembly, as a means of shewing the arbitrary means made use of to destroy the freedom of the Press and put down patriotic and independent members whose only aim and ambition can be the advancement and prosperity of their country,"—and that as a mark of their approbation of the conduct of their representative, W. L. Mackenzie, they will present him with a Gold *Medal*, accompanied with an appropriate inscription and address, &c. &c.

The view taken of this affair is very different, by the two political parties. A paper at York, opposed to Mr. M. applauds the act of the Lt. Governor in not replying to the petition, and charges that this document was printed at, and circulated from the office of the Advocate—Mr. Mackenzie's paper. This, the latter denies. A warrant was immediately issued for a new election for the county of York, but no doubt appears to have existed that Mr. M. would be again returned.

Since this was written, we learn, through the Albany Argus, the history and results of the election as follows:

"This gentleman, whose expulsion from the House of Assembly of Upper Canada, on the 12th ult., for an alleged libel on that body, we have before noticed, has been again returned by the electors of York county, by nearly a unanimous vote, and indeed by acclamation, over Mr. T. Street, the opposing candidate. Mr. M. was escorted to the polls by a long cavalcade of his fellow citizens in sleighs, where he was received with the most enthusiastic marks of respect. After the close of the poll, he was presented with a gold medal and chain, bearing, on one side, the Rose, Thistle, and Shamrock, with the words "His Majesty King William 4th, the people's friend;" and on the other, "Presented to Wm. L. Mackenzie, Esq. by his constituents of the county of York, U. C. as a token of their approbation of his political career, Jan'y 2d, 1832." He was then escorted to town, seated on the second story of an immense sleigh," carrying 20 or 30 men and some Scotch musicians, and drawn by four horses; followed by 100 sleighs, and between 1 and 2000 inhabitants. Flags were displayed bearing "The Liberty of the Press"—"King William 4th and Reform"—"Bidwell and the glorious minority"—"1832, a good beginning"—"A Free Press, the terror of Sycophants"—"Mackenzie and the people." The member elect was then chaired to his own house.

A burst of applause interrupted the proceedings of the Assembly of U. C., when Mr. Mackenzie was introduced to the Speaker, according to the usage of that body,—as "member for the county of York, in place of Wm L. Mackenzie, Esq. expelled this house!" In consequence of this disturbance, an Irish lad, Barney Cotton, was seized by the Sergeant at Arms, and ordered to be imprisoned, but was afterwards discharged. An attempt was then made to re-expel Mr. M., but the resolutions to that effect were lost by a vote of 24 to 20;—the Attorney General, among others, who voted for the expulsion in the first instance, voting in the negative. It is stated in the York Guardian that Mr. M. may yet be expelled, and that his reception in the House was probably, influenced, in some measure, by the fear of the populace, who had collected in great numbers to witness his introduction."—*Atlas.*

A MILITARY HUNTING EXCURSION.

"In the forest of Albuquerque, a few leagues distant, are red deer, wild boars, wolves, and foxes. To that forest we made several excursions, taking with us some of our best marksmen, and sleeping the night before in the small walled town of Ouguila, which is on the borders of the forest. Several fine red deer were killed, one of which, a very large stag, I was so fortunate as to bring down with a ball. Although neither wolves nor wild boars were brought to bag, we nevertheless had some shots at them. I look back on those excursions as amongst the happiest days of my life. General Crawford directed that the regiments of his division should frequently be marched to the river Caya, about four miles distant, to bathe. This was done independently by battalions. Trifling occurrences sometimes make lasting impressions; and the animated scene which our visit to the river produced I have never forgotten. Not only do I cherish the recollection of days long gone by, which were full of excitement, but I derive indescribable pleasure from placing before me, in battle array, some of those 'trifles light as air;' one of which, relative to our bathing-excursions in the Caya, shall be detailed in as small a compass as possible. Whether the intention of General Crawford was, that the regiments should march to the river to bathe as fully armed and accoutred as if they were about to mount guard in some stiff starched garrison, I cannot say; but I know that every corps did harness and march forth to the river in that form, except our own. Colonel Beckwith, on the contrary, always ordered our men, on these occasions, to take with them neither arms, accoutrements, knapsacks, nor any one thing except their light fatigue dress, foraging caps, and a stick, for a purpose which shall immediately be explained. The officers were desired to take with them their fowling pieces and greyhounds; and in this light, easy attire we marched to the river. As soon as we were clear of the walls of Campo Maior, the whole battalion was extended in one long line in skirmishing order, bringing rather forward the wings, and proceeding in this manner straight across the great plain to the river. Hares, rabbits, and partridges, were soon started at all points; when such shooting, coursing, and knocking down with sticks and stones, and such *mobbing* of quadrupeds and birds commenced, that a game-preserving John Bull would undoubtedly have stigmatised us as a most nefarious corps of poachers. The process of bathing having been duly performed, the same scene took place on our return to the town; and the spirit and glee with which all hands entered into the sport may easily be conceived. Those who know nothing of the habits of the red-legged partridge, would be surprised to be told that we frequently made parties to *ride them down*. I can fancy the incredulous stare of some of my countrymen, if they heard any person bold enough to make such an assertion. But that it is not more strange than true, there are many living witnesses to prove. If a red-legged partridge be pursued by a person on horseback whilst on the wing, and a great noise and shouting is made, he will not rise a second time, but will continue running, and at last crouch, and allow himself to be taken up. I have but rarely known them to rise and take a second flight."—*Lt Col. Leach.*

Extraordinary Speed.—A London paper contains the following notice of a match by Mr. Osbaldeston.

This match came off on Saturday, according to the terms agreed upon. The original match was made between Col Charite and Mr. Osbaldeston, the former betting the latter one thousand guineas he did not ride two hundred miles in ten successive hours, during the Houghton Meeting, at Newmarket. Independent of this stake, Mr. O. had large sums depending, having at first taken all odds that were offered him, and ultimately laying two to one that he won. The match was made about three months back, but Mr. O. did not commence severe training till within the last week, when he gradually increased his task from 20 to 70 and 80 miles a day, which he performed at full speed, and on the horses he had selected for the performance, to the number of which there was no limit. As the day approached betting became more brisk, but Mr. O. graduually rose in the market, and on Friday evening one hundred to forty were laid upon him currently. A bet of 1,000 to 100 was also made that he did not accomplish the distance in nine hours.

At seven o'clock Col. C. and Mr. O. arrived at the Stand in separate post-chaises, the latter in the highest spirits and full of confidence. He, in fact, offered to bet any odds he won, and an even thousand he did the distance in nine hours; but all betting was at a stand-stall. He was attired in a purple silk jacket, black velvet cap, doe small-clothes, and top-boots, and his weight, with saddle and bridle, was estimated at 11st. 3lb His age 47. The saddles on which Mr. O. rode were covered with sheep skin with the wool on; and it was arranged that each horse at one start should perform four miles. Some of them had to do the distance twice, thrice, and four times. The morning was extremely unfavourable, commencing with a drizzling rain, which subsequently increased to a drenching shower, accompanied by a high and piercingly cold wind; but this did not damp the spirits of the rider, and at precisely twelve minutes after seven he was mounted and started, carrying a whip, and wearing spurs: the latter he dispensed with occasionally. He completed one hundred and twenty miles in five hours eleven minutes and a half, when he stopped to take some refreshment for six minutes and twenty seconds, and again mounted without changing his dress in any particular. His next horse, which was the thirty-first change, soon after starting, made a slip, and dropped a little forward; Mr. O. standing on his stirrups at the moment, was thrown over his head and fell at full length on the ground. Fortunately, he retained the reins, sustained no injury though shook severely, and, mounting instanter, pursued his course, performing the four miles in 12 minutes. One hundred and fifty-six miles had been performed, and there remained two hours and eleven minutes to accomplish the remaining forty-four in the nine hours, or at the rate of twenty miles an hour. Mr. O. completed the distance of two hundred miles, including stoppages, in eight hours and forty-two minutes; so that, allowing for time occupied in changing, refreshment, &c., the actual riding was done at a rate exceeding 25 miles an hour! The changes were 50 in number, and deducting six minutes for the lunch time, but 36 minutes were allowed for mounting and remounting fifty times, being an average of less than a minute; but we think the actual average occupied in the changes was upwards of a minute, making the pace upwards of 25 miles an hour.

THE POLES.—In compliance with a suggestion from Gen. Lafayette, that the Americans in Paris should aid him in the distribution of the supplies sent from the United States for the relief of the Poles, a committee of 20 members was appointed; and they have published the following address to their fellow citizens in America from whom the contributions were received.

Fellow Citizens—At the particular request of Gen. Lafayette, the American residents in Paris have appointed a Committee to assist him in the distribution of the funds so generously contributed by you to succour the Poles in their late heroic, but unsuccessful struggle for liberty. This Committee holds it to be its first duty to address you, to explain the cause of its formation, the ends it proposes to accomplish, and the hopes it entertains.

And first, the Committee disclaims any other authority than that emanating from Gen. Lafayette—Its sole end and aim is to assist him in the arduous task you have imposed upon him, to lessen his labors, and to spare his invaluable time. But the Committee assumes no powers—Its acts will be null and void without the sanction of that great name, around which, as a tower of strength, are rallying the persecuted liberals, and republicans from every quarter of Europe.

It may be a subject of regret and possibly of self reproach to the friends of the Poles in America, that they did not make their efforts at an earlier period; they may suppose that their contributions will be of no avail, and that Poland heard not, ere she expired, the voice of sympathy which was wafted across the Atlantic to cheer her in her hour of agony.—But no, gentlemen, Poland is not yet dead, she only sleeps. Warsaw has indeed fallen, but the Palladium of Polish liberty was not within its walls—It is carried in the bosom of her choicest spirits, who hunted from their homes, are now the needy wanderers on a foreign soil. To such men—to Poland's bravest and best, will your donations be applied—and in the words of General Lafayette, "the American donations, if properly distributed, will be of more use to the cause of Poland now than if they had arrived while she was still up and struggling."

So far then from supposing that your contributions have come too late, the Committee would urge the friends of Poland, and of the rights of man, still to continue their efforts—it implores them not to abandon the unfortunate and the fallen—It bids them remember the dark hours of our own revolution;—that our fathers stretched out their hands and invoked the assistance of the people of Europe, and that no nation more than Poland sent generous and gallant spirits to assist them. Let us not, then, in the full sunshine of national prosperity, forget those whom the storm of adversity has prostrated at the feet of their enemies, and who are trampled on by the oppressor—but out of the fulness of our own granaries let us spare a little to those whom providence in the inscrutable wisdom of its ways, has deprived of the political blessings which we enjoy.

Accompanying this, the Committee sends a calculation of the number and condition of the Polish refugees: they are crossing the frontiers of France barefoot and hungry, they are begging their way towards Paris, where your generous contributions will contribute to relieve a voluntary poverty, which is to them a crown of honor; and believe us, you will not give your *obolum Belisario* in vain; not a dollar will be lost, for the succour extended to those brave veterans will not be forgotten, and you will reap a rich reward in the gratitude and blessings of them and their children. Poland, in the day of her prosperity and independence, (for come it must,) will not forget the people, who, in her dark hour, did more than raise the voice of sympathy—who stretched out a helping hand far across the globe, and assisted her by all the means in their power.

Signed, SAMUEL G. HOWE, Chairman.
EDWARD S. GOULD, Secretary.

The following letter to James G. King, Esq. was lately received from Gen. Lafayette.

PARIS, October 29th, 1821.

My dear Sir—I have received the proceedings of the meeting held on the 5th Sept. for the relief of the Poles, also the twenty thousand francs, and the twelve hundred and seventy-one francs, which you have been pleased to transmit.

The proceedings could not but excite warm feelings of patriotic pride and personal gratitude; the money and other supplies we may receive from American sympathy, will be of the greatest importance for the relief of refugees from that heroic country, who are determined never to submit to the Russian despot.

Having requested the gentlemen of the first Committee, who are still in town, to bear my communication on the subject, I beg leave to wait the departure of the next packet to have the honor to write to the N. York Committee. Be pleased, in the meanwhile, to offer to them my affectionate thanks and highest respects. Most truly and affectionately, your friend,

LAFAYETTE.

P. S. I have received a sum of money and a very excellent letter from my beloved young friends of the West Point Academy, also two fine colours from the young men of Boston, both of which I shall acknowledge immediately after the American meeting. I have requested to examine with me, what is best to do, in the present circumstances, for the relief of the sons of Poland.

To James G. King.

THE EYE LASHES.

The beauty and expression of the eye is not altogether dependent upon its color and brilliancy. It may sparkle with intelligence and wit, or mildly beam with benevolence, innocence, or pity; and yet if it be overhung with a flat and shaggy eye-brow, or but imperfectly shaded with eye-lashes, composed of a few short bristles set wide apart, much of its beauty will be lost. Hence we find those who place most importance upon external charms, have been in almost every age extremely solicitous to improve and preserve the form and symmetry of these important appendages to the organ of sight. Without stopping to notice the plans pursued at the toilet of the East to give a darker hue to the eye-brows, and by the females of other nations to form them into a slight and perfect arch, we propose to say a few words upon the beauty of the eye-lashes.

We need not dwell upon the importance to beauty of long, silken, glossy eye lashes, which have so often been the theme of lovers and of poets. Lord Byron, who to all the enthusiasm of an eastern lover, added the deep feeling of a poet, has hung some of his finest gems on a beautiful eye-lash: one example will be sufficient.

As a stream late conceal'd
By the fringe of its willows,
Now rushes reveal'd
In the light of its billows,—
As the bolt burst on high
From the black cloud that bound it,
Flash'd the soul of that eye,
From the long lashes round it.

While the females of our own country, as well as those of most parts of Europe, pay little attention to promote, by artificial means, the growth and beauty of their eye-lashes, in Circassia, Georgia, Persia, and Hindostan, this is one of the first objects of a mother's care. We mention this not as a reproach to the former, nor as a commendation of the latter, but merely as a matter of fact.

It is well known that the hair, when left to itself, seldom grows long; but either splits at the top into two or more forks, or gradually tapering from the root, terminates in a very fine almost invisible point. When this is the case its further growth is completely arrested. The Circassian female, aware of this fact, carefully removes the fine point from each eye-lash by means of a pair of scissors. Every time this is done, their growth is renewed, and they become long, close, finely curved, and of a silky gloss. This operation of tipping is repeated every month or six weeks.

Excepting among the ancient Romans and the modern Chinese, large eyes have ever been esteemed essential to beauty. By this test alone, we may distinguish whether an antique statue of Venus, or of Juno, be Roman or Grecian; the classic Greeks having more taste than to represent a goddess with small peering miserly eyes. Homer, indeed, seldom mentions Juno without comparing her eyes to those of an ox. The oriental poets drew a more elegant simile from the large-eyed antelope or gazelle, which has not escaped Lord Byron.

Her eyes' dark charm 'twere vain to tell;
But gaze on that of the gazelle,
It will assist thy fancy well.

The brilliancy of the eye, and its appearance of fulness, depend, in a great measure, upon its form, and on the magnitude of the eye-ball; but still in no slight degree upon the closeness and amplitude of the eye-lashes, and the diameter of the pupil. It is the eye-lashes only over which art possesses any power—the perfection of which, as we have seen, may be increased by a very simple process. But this is not all—the oriental beauties have from time immemorial, practised the art of darkening the eye-lashes with a pigment, which is applied to the hairs themselves, and to the skin at their roots, while a small streak of it is often extended outwards from the exterior angle of each eye. Although we are far from recommending

this practice to our fair readers, yet it has certainly a very imposing appearance when artfully performed. It is said to give a brightness and beauty to the eyes, altogether inconceivable, making even the plainest little grey eyes appear full orbed, and piercingly dark. Upon ourselves, we confess that the effect in these cases would be entirely lost, from the moment we became aware of the artifice by which it was produced. Though admirers of beauty, we should prefer a pair of eyes possessed of a very moderate portion of it—"but speaking of modest thoughts and intellect refined," to all the charms these organs can acquire from artificial means.—*Journal of Health.*

THE CONSTELLATION.

EDITED BY A. GREENE.

NEW YORK, JANUARY 21, 1832.

A QUAKER JUMPING A DITCH.

Hezekiah Broadbrim was a fat Quaker, in the state of New Jersey, who sold molasses, codfish, coffee, china and earthen ware, cloths, and all sorts of liquors. We like the Quakers very much, who are Quakers in deed, as well as name; but Hezekiah was a Hickory Quaker. He was somewhat of an old bachelor; and had a sister who was somewhat of an old maid. But she was the best creature alive; straight as a candle, blooming as a rose, and smiling as charity. Her name was Dorcas.

Hezekiah and Dorcas walked out one Sunday afternoon, in the blooming month of May, to breathe the fresh air and view the meadows. The walking was smooth and delightful, with no manner of obstructions, except here and there a ditch full of water; spanned by few bridges; and too wide for any man of ordinary jumping capacity to cross at a single bound. But Hezekiah valued himself, as fat people commonly do, on his agility; and instead of walking a few additional rods for the sake of a bridge, must needs leap every ditch he came to.

"Thee'd better not try that, Hezekiah," said his kind and considerate sister.

"Never thee mind, Dorcas," returned Hezekiah; "there's no danger. I've jumped many a bigger ditch when I wasn't half my present size."

"All that is very likely. But recollect, Hezekiah, thee's grown exceedingly pursy since thee was a young man."

"Pursy! Well, if I have, that is no reason why I should not be as agile as before. I tell thee, Dorcas, I can jump this ditch without so much as touching a finger."

"Ay, but thee'll touch thy feet to the bottom."

"Thee's but a woman, Dorcas; and thy fears magnify this narrow ditch even to a river. Now stand thee aside, that I may have full sweep according to my abilities."

"Nay, brother Hezekiah, thee'd better not. The ditch is wide, and the bottom muddy; and thee'll assuredly spoil thy Sunday clothes, if no worse."

"A fudge for thy fears, girl; they shall not stay me a jot. Nay, do not hold me; for I am resolved to jump this ditch, if it were merely to convince thee of my agility."

Accordingly, Hezekiah went back a few yards, in order that he might have a fair run; and that the impulse thereof might carry him over. Having retreated far enough, he came forward with a momentum proportioned to his weight and his velocity; and, found himself in the middle of the ditch. The water splashed round on all sides, and bespattered the Sunday clothes of Dorcas, who could not, with all her Quaker sobriety and kind feeling, help bursting into a loud laugh. There was Hezekiah, showing his agility, and floundering in the mud, like a whale. The water was not so deep as to be dangerous; and the scene was too irresistibly comic for even a saint to abstain from laughing, though on the Lord's day.

At length, when her risibility would allow her the power of speech, Dorcas kindly held out her hand, as she stood a rod from the bank, and said—"Come hither, brother Hezekiah, and I'll help thee out."

"Well! well!" returned the flounderer, in a tone of vexation—"thee does well, Dorcas, to stand there and laugh at me; as though it were mere sport, to stick in the mud and water up to my very middle!"

"Nay, nay, Hezekiah, thee has shown thy agility so marvellously, that I could not help being pleased, for the life of me; and I now take shame to myself for having opposed thee so strenuously, or for having a single moment doubted thy capacity for jumping. But if thee's satisfied with thy exploit, and is ready to come forth, I'll lend thee a hand to help thee out."

Thus saying, Dorcas drew near to the edge of the ditch; but Hezekiah, having got himself in by his own unaided power, declared he would get himself out in the same way. But the mud was deep and adhesive; and as fast as he got one foot out, he got the other in; and thus he continued to labor and plunge, till he was fully satisfied his own ability was better calculated to help him in than to help him out of a ditch. He grew wroth; he used hard words; and so far forgot the plain language, that he exclaimed—

"By the ——"

"Don't thee swear, brother Hezekiah," interrupted Dorcas.

"Swear!" roared Hezekiah, "thee'd swear too, if thee was in here."

"Swear not at all, Hezekiah; but even lend me thy hand, and I'll use *my* ability to pull thee out, according to the scripture, which saith, 'If thine ox or thine ass shall fall into a ditch on the Sabbath day—'"

"Now, sister Dorcas, thee is too bad. Verily thee would not make me so heavy as the former animal, nor so stupid as the latter?"

"As to thy weight," returned Dorcas, "thee must be pretty well satisfied by this time; and as for thy stupidity, it were indeed unsisterly to liken thee to the long-eared animal. But if thee is satisfied on those points, and will forthwith reach me thine hand, I'll do as much as in me lieth to bring thee safe to land."

Hezekiah was pretty well convinced by this time that his own ability would never fetch him out, wherefore humbly reaching his hand to Dorcas, he said—"Verily, sister, I will accept thy aid, inasmuch as my own ability hath grievously deceived me."

Dorcas kindly lent her assistance, and pulling vigorously, Hezekiah at length came to land. Shaking off the mud and water like a spaniel, he returned home; but charged his sister, by the way, never to mention how he came to his catastrophe. Dorcas promised, of course; and as she was a girl of truth and kind feelings, she was as good as her word. But once or twice, when they were in company with sundry other Quakers, discoursing soberly about matters and things; Dorcas, looking archly at another girl, merely said—"Did I ever tell thee, Rachel, how brother Hezekiah one Sunday——"

Hezekiah turned an embarrassed and imploring look towards her, and she said—

"Nay, nay, Hezekiah, I'm not going to tell—but merely to ask if I ever had told, how thee showed thy agility one Sunday, and jumped in the middle of a ditch!"

POWERFUL SPEAKING.

"He reasoned long, he reasoned deep,
He reasoned till she fell asleep."

DR. SYNTAX.

This is the *ne plus ultra* of effectual reasoning. What could a man do more? or what more could he desire to do? Having reasoned his opponent, or his audience, to sleep, he has completely vanquished them. There is no more to be said. His opponent cannot reply; his audience cannot doubt.

This judicious example has been followed by more than one speaker, both in the pulpit, at the bar, and in the senate. Nay, they have beaten the Rev. Doctor Syntax; for whereas he merely put one lone widow asleep, whom he was wooing of an evening, they set to nodding whole senates, juries, benches, and pews full.

This may be done in two ways: either by being very long, or very dull. Dr. Syntax reasoned both long and deep, and at length vanquished his fair auditor. Many others bring their hearers to terms by being deep alone—or, in other words, by being dull. A speaker may always be considered deep, when he cannot be understood; and when he cannot be understood, he is, per force, confounded dull.

The deep, or the dull mode, is better than the lengthy one; inasmuch as it produces the desired effect in a short time; and the speaker is saved much expense of oratory, and the audience much expense of time in listening thereto. It is advisable therefore to cultivate the deep method. If the preacher, the lawyer, or the legislator happen to be endowed with ideas of any kind; let him bury them deep among the rubbish of words, like Gratiano's two grains of wheat to two bushels of chaff. Or let him so intertwist and involve them with one another, that it is difficult to tell what they are made of. In either case the labor of the audience in getting at his meaning, or their utter hopelessness of doing so, will have the effect of putting them asleep: the first from absolute weariness, the other from the mere resignation of despair.

But if the speaker cannot thus bury his meaning in chaff, or involve it in twistifications, he must spin out his arguments to an interminable length; he must vanquish his audience by the long mode. They will yield at last. There is no keeping one's eyes open against the efforts of an everlasting speaker.

When Congressmen begin to nod; when judges settle themselves in their arm-chairs for a comfortable nap; when juries close their eyes to dream upon the case; when church-going people begin to snore upon their easy cushions: then may the orator conclude his work is done; his eloquence has produced the most powerful effect. He may close his mouth, and go home.

EXPLOITS OF PUTNAM.

As recorded in the veracious History of Connecticut, by the Rev. Sam. Peters.

The wonderful exploits of General Putnam, as related by other historians, are but trifling and commonplace, compared with the version of them given in Peters' History of Connecticut. The story of the bear is altogether more heroic than that of the wolf; inasmuch as the exploit was performed by himself alone, in the dead of night, and with the primitive weapon so much used by Hercules, to wit, a club. The going over the falls, surpasses any thing that has fallen from the pens of his professed biographers; and his hanging three days on a tree without food, is a matter of fact that many a writer, a little fastidious about the truth, might have hesitated to relate.—But listen to the Rev. historian:

"We read that David slew a lion and a bear, and afterwards that Saul trusted him to fight Goliah. In Pomfret lives Col. Isaac Putnam, who slew a she bear and her two cubs with a billet of wood. The bravery of this action brought him into public notice: and it seems he is one of fortune's favorites. The story is as follows:—In 1754, a large she-bear came in the night from her den, which was three miles from Mr. Putnam's house, and took a sow out of a pen of his. The sow, by her squeaking, awoke Mr. Putnam, who hastily ran to the poor creature's relief; but before he could reach the pen, the bear had left it, and was trotting away with the sow in her mouth. Mr. Putnam took up a billet of wood, and followed the screamings of the sow, till he came to the foot of the mountain where the den was. Dauntless he entered the horrid cavern; and after walking and crawling upon his hands and knees for fifty yards, came to a roomy cell, when the bear met him with great fury. He saw nothing but the fire of her eyes; but that was sufficient for our hero: he accordingly directed his blow, which at once proved fatal to the bear and saved his own life at a most critical moment. Putnam then discovered and killed two cubs; and having, though in Egyptian darkness, dragged them and the dead sow, one by one, out of the cave, he went home, and calmly reported to his family what had happened. The neighbors declared, on viewing the place by torch-light, that his exploit exceeded those of Samson or David. Soon afterwards the General Assembly appointed Mr. Putnam a Lieutenant in the army marching against Canada. His courage and good conduct raised him to the rank of Captain the next year. The third year he was made a Major; and the fourth a Colonel. Putnam and Rogers were the heroes during the last war.* Putnam was so hardy at a time when the Indians had killed all his men, and completely hemmed him in upon a river, as to leap into a stream, which in a minute carried him down a stupendous fall, where no tree could pass without being torn in pieces. The Indians reasonably concluded that Putnam, their terrible enemy, was dead, and made report accordingly at Ticonderoga; but soon after, a scouting party found their sad mistake in a bloody rencontre. Some few that got off, declared that Putnam was yet living, and that he was the first son of Hobbamockow, and therefore immortal. However, at length, the Indians took this terrible warrior prisoner, and tied him to a tree; where he hung three days without food or drink. They did not attempt to kill him for fear of offending Hobbamockow; but they sold him to the French at a great price. The name of Putnam was more alarming to the Indians than cannon, and the men would not fight him after his escape from the falls. He was afterwards redeemed by the English."

* French war.—Peters left this country in 1774; and wrote his History in the time of the American Revolution. He was a staunch Tory.

CUTTING HAIR BY A PUMPKIN. In that veritable History of Connecticut, written by the Rev. Samuel Peters, is described the primitive mode of cutting hair, in the land of steady habits:—"It originated," saith the historian, "from the Blue Laws, which enjoin every male to have his hair cut round by a cap.—When caps were not to be had, they substituted the hard shell of a pumpkin, which being put on the head every Saturday, the hair is cut by the shell all round the head. Whatever religious virtue is supposed to be derived from this custom, I know not; but there is much prudence in it: first, it prevents the hair from snarling;—secondly, it saves the use of combs, bags, and ribbons;—thirdly, the hair cannot incommode the eyes by falling over them;—and, fourthly, those who have lost their ears by heresy, and other wickedness, cannot conceal their misfortune and disgrace."

IMPORTANT P.S.—A physician, in the interior of the state, wishing for the advice of one of his medical brethren in a difficult case, wrote to him on the subject in very pressing terms. He desired an immediate answer. But as his own letter might possibly miscarry, he prudently provided for such an event by adding the following

"P.S. As it is of the utmost importance that I should hear from you soon on the subject above mentioned, if you should happen not to get my letter, be good enough to let me know it by the first mail."

REV. MR. ARNOLD.—This preacher of a humane religion, of whose inhuman conduct to an orphan child we lately published some account, has since been disowned by sundry of his brother clergy; and has himself published a letter, wherein he acknowledges himself to have been a ruthless villain, and no christian. He need not have taken the trouble to avow what was so perfectly clear before. But he doubtless intends to make a virtue of confession; and to throw the blame of nearly killing a fatherless child upon the shoulders of unregenerate nature!

AWAKENING TO THE EVILS OF SLAVERY.—Numerous petitions and memorials have lately been presented to the legislature of Virginia on the subject of Slavery—a subject which, previous to the late insurrection, they would allow no one to broach. So much does their own sudden danger awaken them. The wrongs of the slaves pled in vain. Now their masters are in favor of African colonization, and are petitioning for a gradual emancipation. They have discovered all at once that slave labor is more expensive than free; that comparative poverty attends it; and even that slavery is cruel and unjust. A better state of things, both for blacks and whites, will probably grow out of the bloody enactments at Southampton.

HOW TO RISE AT COURT. Lord Halifax said, that if a man would rise at court, he must begin by creeping on all fours; and he adds, that a place in court, like a place in heaven, is only to be got by being much on one's knees.

SCATTERING VOTES.—The Boston Commercial Gazette relates, that, as the members of the General Court were voting for Counsellors, the bottom of the box, which was carried about to receive the ballots, came out, and the votes fell upon the floor. Whereupon a spectator in the gallery remarked, that there was a great number of *scattered* votes.

CURE OF STAMMERING.—We have repeatedly had occasion to speak of the success of Mr. King in the Cure of Stammering. We have seen within a day or two, a new case of his, where the greatest difficulty of speech was removed; so that the pupil, who, in the beginning could scarcely utter a word, after the course of a few weeks was able to speak every thing without embarrassment.

MR. EDITOR,—Were you ever so unfortunate as to drink bad coffee? If so, you will scarcely consider the malediction, contained in the second of the following stanzas, a drop too severe.

Yours, truly, MOCHA.

BAD COFFEE.

What stuff is this ye're bringin me,
That luks sae cloudy in the ee',
For coffee sure it canna be;
Nay, by the mass,
It's but a sair apology,
An' winna pass.

Here, Betty, tak the cup awa',
An' wi' the cup the liquor a'—
The fair that made fou' befa'
An' single life:
May she na mortal husband ca',
Nor be ca'd wife.

Ne'er siccau stuff my senses greet,
Like puddle water frae the street;
But bring me coffee strang an' sweet—
Clear as the stream
That we amang the mountains meet,
An' fu' o' cream.

MASTER WILLIAM BURKE made his appearance for the first time at the Park Theatre, on Monday evening. He played the part of Tom Thumb, in the laughable mock-heroic drama of that name. He did remarkably well for a child of eight years, to whom stage business is almost entirely new. He has a good voice, and his part was spoken with clearness and correct emphasis. His gestures, as might be expected in one so new, were rather awkward. His brother, Master Burke, played the part of Grizzle in the same mock-heroic; having in the fore part of the evening enacted Richard Third, the crook-backed tyrant. He has been playing to good houses, notwithstanding the unfavorable season of the year.

RICHMOND HILL THEATRE.—The new Comedy of the Discarded Daughter, was brought out at this theatre on Tuesday evening. The season of the year is unfavorable, and the house was not so well filled as we had hoped to see. The piece went off very well,

and in several parts was considerably applauded. It is exceedingly short for a five act play, not taking up, we should think, in the whole representation, above an hour and a half. The scene is laid in England, which we think is a fault in an American writer of Comedy, who should attempt something nearer home. We were not in time to hear the prologue. The epilogue was rather amusing, and very well spoken by Mrs. Russell, who is much of a favorite with the public.

STOKER cut some rather appalling capers on the slack rope. He actually hung himself by the neck, and swung dangling, to the great admiration of the spectators. But when they thought him fairly gone, he dexterously climbed his rope and set his neck at liberty.

For the Constellation.

FAREWELL!!

Adieu, adieu, the signal's heard,
It sounds far o'er the lee;
The gale is fair, the anchor's weigh'd,
Farewell! farewell to thee.

Farewell! farewell—our barque's unmoor'd,
And proudly ploughs the main;
Weep not, weep not, my only love,
We'll meet, we'll meet again.

The land recedes—the silver moon
Is rising from the sea;
The gale propitious wafts us on,
And wafts me far from thee.

Still, still my heart is with thee, love,
Then grieve no more for me;
For I am thine—yes, only thine,
And ever true to thee.

While gazing on the orb of night,
And glitt'ring gems above;
I'll think how oft by their pale light
We've vow'd unchanging love.

When tempests howl along the deep,
And while from thee I roam;
I'll ne'er forget—no, not forget
The pleasures of sweet home. S.

NOTES OF A BOOKWORM.

NO. I.

DR. JOHNSON. I believe he would have been the most agreeable person in the world, if he had had a female companion to suit him at home by his fireside; *for, gigantic* and extraordinary as his thoughts and *language* were, there was a goodness of heart that pierced through his learning, that made him admired when he lost sight of it.—*Memoirs Margravine of Anspach.*

THEATRICAL REHEARSALS. If the performances of a theatre are intended to represent the truth of human nature, a rehearsal is the living reality. The fabled crowds who petitioned heaven to allot them parts in life otherwise than fate had cast them, are but a type of the inmates of a theatre behind the scenes, when contending for prominent characters in an opera.—*Eber's Seven Years of the King's Theatre.*

JOURNALS OF PARLIAMENT. It is not known when Journals of Parliament were first used; those in existence of the upper house commenced in the first of Henry VIII. and in the lower house, in the first of Edward VI.; but it appears by an ancient original letter, prefixed to the journal-book of Henry VIII., that several journal-books were taken away, and suppressed by Cardinal Wolsey.

The votes of the House of Commons were first printed in 1681; those of the House of Lords, in 1825.—*Grimaldi's "Origines Genealogicæ."*

THE EYE. The eye is indeed the feature by which genius is most truly asserted; or rather, it is the feature from which genius cannot be excluded. We have seen every other part of the human face divine without indications of the spirit within—the mouth which spoke not of the talent possessed, and the brow that indicated no powers of the capacious mind; but we never knew a superior nature which the eye did not proclaim.—*Review of the Life of Robert Burns.*

DIGESTION. Hadge Hadond told us that when the Moors had eaten so much as to make it uncomfortable to themselves, they rubbed their stomachs against the wall, by which relief they were enabled to continue their feast; and that by taking large draughts of water at intervals, they reanimated their appetites and prevented repletion.—*Capt. Beauclerk's "Journey to Morocco."*

MORIN. He was physician to the *Hotel Dieu* at Paris. Indefatigable in every branch of his profession, many were the discoveries he made or followed up; and his studies were only interrupted by his charities and the duties of his various appointments. His habits were singular, and he never changed the regimen of bread and water, with fruit occasionally, that he had adopted in his early youth, till after he was sixty years of age. He then would sometimes indulge himself by taking a little boiled rice, and, when past seventy, a glass of wine. He collected a valuable library, and formed a copious herbary.—*A Spinster's Tour in France.*

KNOWLEDGE. The use of knowledge is to make us happier. I would compare the mind to the beautiful statue of Love, by Praxiteles—when its eyes were bandaged, the countenance seemed grave and sad, but the moment you removed the bandage, the most serene and enchanting smile diffused itself over the whole face.—*Devereux.*

THE KORAN. It was well adapted to unite the wandering Arab of the desert, and to form any nation that should adopt it into a military community, more formidable for attack than Sparta, and in some respects, as well adapted as Rome herself for the conquest of the world. He recommended to his followers integrity and justice towards each other, as the firmest bonds by which men could be knitted in society. He imposed upon them such privations as were most necessary for the discipline of an army; forbidding wine, as subversive of all order; and inculcating cleanliness, the better to preserve the health of his troops. He taught his soldiers to pray together that they might be animated by one spirit, and to fast, that they might bear the inevitable hardships of war.

He denounced desertion from his army as one of the greatest and most deadly of sins. He promised the crown of martyrdom, to those who died in defending his divine mission; and he invented a sensual paradise of ripe fruit, verdant meadows, fresh water, and fine women, where his soldiers were destined to enjoy eternal bliss in recompense for their earthly fatigues.*—*Lord J. Russell's "Establishment of the Turks in Europe."*

CHARLES II. No person on earth could better understand the society in which he moved; exile had made him acquainted with life in all its shades and varieties—his spirits, if not uniform, were elastic—he had that species of Epicurean philosophy, which even in the most extreme difficulties and dangers, can in an interval of ease avail itself of the enjoyment of the moment—he was, in short, in youth and misfortune, as afterwards in his regal condition, a good-humored but hard-hearted voluptuary—wise, save where his passions intervened—beneficent, save when his prodigality had deprived him of the means, or prejudice of the wish to confer benefits—his faults, such as might often have drawn down hatred, but that they were mingled with so much urbanity, that the injured person felt it impossible to retain the full sense of his wrongs.—*Sir W. Scott's Woodstock.*

YUM TI is the sacred appellation given to the Emperor of China. I found considerable difficulty among the people here to obtain the emperor's name. They regard him with the same awe and veneration which belong to the Deity alone. One poor creature gave me to understand, by an interpreter, that it was too sacred to be known to the vulgar, and that the very mention of it by a common tongue, would be deemed a shocking profanation.—*Wilkinson's Sketches of Chinese Customs and Manners.*

SELECTIONS.

London Patronage.—We are not aware, in this country, how exceedingly difficult—nay, almost hopeless, it is for genius and talent, even of the highest order, to win favor, find patronage, and acquire notoriety, in the great metropolis of the world, when oppressed by poverty, and destitute of the pecuniary means absolutely necessary to bribe the press, and reward the hireling writers, whose criticisms and commendations are paid for by the line. Not a day elapses but some ephemeral production is forced into temporal favor by a lavish expenditure of pounds sterling—whilst innumerable works and compositions, in art, literature, and science, that would do honor to the country and the man, are unnoticed and neglected, because poverty has closed the avenues to public favor—the Cerberus of the press has not had his sop—nor a golden palm soothed the "raven brow of criticism" into smiles.

We make these remarks, prefatory to the introduction of the subjoined letter, written by our countryman (for he is so both in feeling and by adoption) A. P. Heinrich, and addressed to Alexander Lee, a musical composer, of London, who has acquired some celebrity, and whose *patronage* was once thought indispensable to the success of a musician. His treatment of Mr. Heinrich was wanton and unpardonable, and justified the retributive severity of the letter we now publish. Mr. Heinrich will be surprised, no doubt, to find it in print, and on this side of the water, but as it contains nothing for which he has cause to be ashamed, we insert it on our own responsibility.—*Boston Transcript.*

LONDON, 17th June, 1831.

Mr. Alexander Lee,

Sir: I had the honor, many months back, to make two communications to you, which, with the letters of introduction from Messrs. Clementi & Co., Thomas Welsh, Thomas Cooke, J. Howard Payne, the Editors of the Sunday Times and Atlas, making together eight, not one of which did you condescend to answer. Many times I have heard people speak of your notions of propriety, but I could not believe that any one with the opportunities you must have had of observing the forms of society, could be so utterly callous to what is due from one gentleman to another. In the science which you profess, you have the limited talent of an imitator only, and by the caprice of fortune you have been considered by the multitude a Ballad Composer. Why could you not extend your talent in this way to your manners, and at least get yourself respected by those who know the courtesies of life? For a few melancholy months you were one of the arbiters of taste in the greatest metropolis of Europe; consequently, every day coming in contact with men of learning, talent and accomplishments. Even among the rude you would be a paragon of rudeness. Your insolent neglect and taciturnity prove you unworthy of the elevated station you held, but the gods know how obtained. The public expected productions agreeable and classical. How could you meet these expectations, if you did not listen to or examine the merits of what was offered to you? This would have been a pleasure to you had you been either a competent judge or an enlightened experienced manager. Such a one, however, you never were; and as regards myself, and those very distinguished individuals, both literary and musical, from whom I had such strong letters of introduction, which you totally neglected, never hope that I or they can ever speak of you otherwise than as a man totally unfit for the situation, which you have been compelled to relinquish, never to resume, but to sink, most justly, into utter obscurity; and if in your sudden descent, there needs any thing to add to your humiliations, let me inform you, that the individual whom you have so wantonly trifled with, has, from *motives of charity*, performed *gratis* at two of your *pecuniary* benefits. Now, sir, I make you a present of this epistle for your *moral* benefit, remaining, with every good wish, yours, &c.

A. P. HEINRICH,
No. 26 Tavistock-street, Covent Garden.

Specimen of Mr. Randolph.—A gentleman who had supposed that some previous remarks of Mr. R. had been personal towards him, observed, in the warmth of his reply to them, that Mr. R. "had manifested an able head, but that he would not take that gentleman's head, if obliged to take his heart with it."

Mr. R. replied as follows:—

"It cost me nothing, Sir to say that I very much regret that the zeal which I have not only felt but cherished, on the subject of laying taxes in a manner which, in my judgment, is consistent, not merely with the spirit, but the very letter of the Constitution—should have given to my remarks, on this subject, pungency, which has rendered them disagreeable, and even offensive to the gentleman. For that gentleman I have never expressed any other sentiment but respect. I have never uttered, or entertained, an unkind feeling towards that gentleman, either in the House or elsewhere—Nor do I now feel any such sentiment towards him—I never pressed my regard upon him—I press it upon no man. He appears to have considered my remarks as having a personal application to himself. I certainly did not intend to give them that direction, and I think that my prompt disclaimer of any such intention ought to have disarmed his resentment, however justly it may have been excited. He has been pleased, Sir, to say something which, no doubt he thinks very severe, about my head and my heart.

"How easy, Sir, would it be for me to reverse the gentleman's proposition, and to retort upon him; that I would not, in return take that gentleman's heart, however good it may be, if obliged to take such a head into the bargain.

"But, Sir, I do not think this; I never thought it; and, therefore, I cannot be so ungenerous as to say it—for, Mr. Speaker, who made me a searcher of hearts?—of the heart of a fellow man—a fellow sinner? Sir, this is an awful subject! better suited to Friday or Sunday next, (Good Friday and Easter Sunday,) two of the most solemn days in the Christian Calender—when I hope we shall all consider it, and lay it to heart as we ought to do.

"But, Sir, I must still maintain that the argument of the gentlemen is suicidal. He has fairly worked the equation, and one half of his argument is a complete and conclusive answer to the other. And, Sir, if I should ever be so unfortunate as, through inadvertency, or the heat of debate, to fall into such an error, I should so far from being offended, feel myself under obligation to any gentleman who would expose its fallacy, even by ridicule—as fair a weapon as any in the whole Parliamentary armory. I shall not go so far as to maintain with my Lord Shaftsbury, that it is the unerring test of truth, whatever it may be of temper; but if it be proscribed a weapon as unfair as it is confessedly powerful, what shall we say (I put it, Sir, to *you*, and to the House,) to the poisoned arrow?—to the tomahawk and to the scalping knife? Could the most unsparing use of ridicule justify a resort to these weapons? Was this a reason that the gentlemen should sit in judgment on my heart? Yes, Sir, my heart—which the gentleman (whatever he may say) in his heart believes to be a frank heart, as I trust it is a brave heart. Sir, I dismiss the gentleman to his self-complacency—let him go—and thank his God that he is not as *this* Publican.

From the New England Magazine.

THE DILEMMA.

Now, by the blessed Paphian queen,
Who heaves the breast of sweet sixteen;
By every name I cut on bark
Before my morning star grew dark;
By Hymen's torch, by Cupid's dart,
By all that thrills the beating heart;
The bright black eye, the melting blue,—
I cannot choose between the two.

I had a vision in my dreams;—
I saw a row of twenty beams;
From every beam a rope was hung,
In every rope a lover swung.
I asked the hue of every eye
That bade each luckless lover die;
Ten livid lips said, heavenly blue,
And ten accused the darker hue.

I asked a matron, which she deemed
With fairest light of beauty beamed;
She answered, some thought both were fair—
Give her blue eyes and golden hair.
I might have liked her judgment well,
But as she spoke, she rung the bell,
And all her girls, nor small nor few,
Came marching in—their eyes were blue.

I asked a maiden; back she flung
The locks that round her forehead hung,
And turned her eye, a glorious one,
Bright as a diamond in the sun,
On me, until, beneath its rays,
I felt as if my hair would blaze;
She liked all eyes but eyes of green;
She looked at me; what could she mean

Ah! many lids Love lurks between,
Nor heeds the coloring of his screen;
And when his random arrows fly,
The victim falls, but knows not why.
Gaze not upon his shield of jet,
The shaft upon the string is set;
Look not beneath his azure veil,
Though every limb were cased in mail.

Well both might make a martyr break
The chain that bound him to the stake.
And both, with but a single ray,
Can melt our very hearts away;
And both, when balanced, hardly seem
To stir the scales, or rock the beam;
But that is dearest, all the while,
That wears for us the sweetest smile.

O. W. H.

The Tithe. A witty divine of London received an invitation to dinner, written on the ten of hearts, by a young lady of great beauty, merit and fortune.* This, the gentleman thought a good opportunity to give the lady a distant hint of his hopes; he wrote, therefore, the following lines on the same card, and returned it by her own servant:

"Your compliments, lady, I pray now forbear,
For old English service is much more sincere;
You've sent me *ten* hearts, but the *tithe's* only mine
So give me *one heart*, and take back t'other nine.

Irish Blunder. Two honest soldiers of the Emerald Isle, who were walking together the other day in the streets of London, accidentally glanced at the following notice, exhibited from the shop window of a seal engraver, to this effect, viz.: "Arms found:" when one of them instantly exclaimed to the other, "Arrah! by my stars, honey, and is this not rare news for Pat? I will just now call in and bother them to find my hip of a leg that I lost, you know, more than eight years since, at the battle of Waterloo!"

Origin of English Weights and Measures.—Thirty-two "corns of wheat" were declared by a law of Henry III. to be, when well dried, and taken from the middle of the ear, equal to one penny weight, though afterwards it was divided into 24 equal parts. Liquid and dry measures were calculated by Troy weight, and 8 lbs. Troy of wheat, made one gallon. Weights and measures, say the antiquaries, were invented 869 years before Christ, adjusted to a standard in England 1257, regulated 1462, equalized 1826.

Lord Brougham is said to acknowledge that his best speeches are the products of great labor; and that the preparation of his defence of the Queen was written some dozen times. Canning was elaborate and minute in preparation, and Burke's best speeches were composed.

AN OXFORD STUDENT'S LETTER.

"*Brazen-Nose College, Oct.* 1831.

"Dear Mother,—Your anger to soften
At last I sit down to indite;
'Tis clear I am *wrong* very often,
Since 'tis true I so seldom *do write!*

But now I'll be silent no longer,
Pro and con all my deeds I'll disclose:
All the *pros* in my *verse* I'll make stronger,
And hide all the *cons* in my *pros!*

You told me, on coming to college,
To *dip into books* and excel;
Why, the tradesmen themselves must acknowledge
I've dipt into books pretty well!

The advice you took pleasure in giving
To direct me, is sure to succeed,
And I think you'll confess I am living
With *very great credit* indeed!

I wait on the Reverend Doctors
Whose friendship you told me to seek;
And as for the two learned Proctors,
They've *call'd for me* twice in a week!

Indeed, we've got intimate lately,
And I seldom can pass down the street
But their kindness surprises me greatly,
For they *stop me* whenever we meet!

My classics, with all their old stories,
I now very closely pursue;
And ne'er read the Remedia Amoris
Without thinking, dear mother, of you!

Of Virgil I've more than a smatter,
And Horace I've nearly by heart;
But though fam'd for his smartness and satire,
He's not quite so easy as *Smart!*

English Birds I admire every tittle,
And dote on poetical lore,
And though yet I have studied but *Little*,
I hope to be master of *Moore!*

You'll see, from the nonsense I've written,
That my devils are none of the *Blues*:
That I'm playful and gay as a kitten,
And nearly as fond of the *Muse!*

Bright puns (oh! how crossly you bore 'em!)
I scatter, while Logic I cram:
For Euclid, and *Pons Asinorum*,
We leave to the Johnians of Cam.

My pony, in spite of my chidings,
Is skittish and shy as can be;
Not Yorkshire, with all its *three ridings*,
Is half such a *shier* as he!

I wish he were stronger and larger,
For in truth I must candidly own
He is far the most moderate charger
In this land of *high chargers* I've known!

My doubts of profession are vanish'd,
I'll tell you the cause when we meet:
Church, army, and bar I have banish'd,
And now only look to the *Fleet!*

Come down, then, when summer is gilding
Our gardens, our trees, and our founts,
I'll give you accounts of each building,—
How you'll wonder at *all my accounts!*

Come down when the soft winds are sighing;
Come down—Oh you shall and you must,—
Come down when the dust clouds are flying,—
Dear mother—*Come down with the dust!*"

THE MAN OF THE PEOPLE.

A very fair illustration of part of the pleasures of political popularity is given in the subjoined extract, from Alice Paulet—a new work by the author of "Sydenham."

"Thus I was dragged along, amid the shouts of that portion of my friends who were excluded for want of room from the pole and splinter-bar of my vehicle. When we reached the house, I was of course set down with another tremendous round of cheering. I ascended the steps towards the door, and before I entered, turned round, took off my hat with one hand, spread the other upon my breast, and with several profound bows, and looks expressive of the deepest gratitude, gradually backed myself inside. But, as I feared, my annoyance was not at an end, for my friends were not to be so easily got rid of. After waiting a minute or two, in the vain expectation of my re-appearance, clamours began to arise for me to shew myself. Less distinct than these, but sufficiently articulate, were expressions of discontent and displeasure, and still more removed were murmurs, among which the word 'beer' was audible. I still held back, however, hoping that, when they found their hints unnoticed, they would go about their business. This delay only increased the demonstrations of discontent, and caused the demands for 'Sydenham' and 'beer' to assume a more general and peremptory tone. Nichells, who was at hand, now advised me to go out and say a few words, if it were only to save the windows. He had taken the precaution to have a barrel or two in readiness, if they should become so boisterous as to require that infallible quietus. Accordingly, I made my re-appearance at the summit of the hall steps, and my obedience to the popular voice was rewarded with a shout. Silence being restored, upon my signifying by my gestures that I wished to speak, I addressed the mob nearly as follows:—"Gentlemen, I trust you will pardon me, if the fatigue of my journey, and the unexpected honor which you have conferred upon me, at first so overpowered my faculties, that I was unable to express the gratitude and delight which I experienced at these most flattering testimonies of your confidence and esteem. I should be unworthy the name of Englishman, did I not consider these demonstrations as the most acceptable reward which a member of parliament can receive for his services, and an ample compensation for whatever difficulties and vexations he may have had to encounter in the honest and faithful discharge of his duty. Gentlemen, although I cannot boast of any brilliant talents or eminent services, yet I am conscious of having endeavored to promote your interests to the best of my ability; and as no man can do more, whatever may be his success, I am not ashamed to shew my face.—[Bravo! hurra! well done! you're an honest chap!]—Gentlemen, I deeply regret that circumstances over which I have no control, must preclude the possibility of my becoming a candidate for the honour of your suffrages at the ensuing election; but, nevertheless, as I trust it is unnecessary for me to assure you, my interest in your welfare and happiness is, and ever must be, unabated. [Cheers.] Gentlemen,'—after a pause, in order to judge whether the last resort was necessary,—'Gentlemen, a barrel of beer will be brought you immediately, and I hope, after you have drunk my health, you will disperse with that sobriety and good order which has always distinguished you.' Tremendous cheering, under cover of which I retired."

*

CONSEQUENCES OF "REFORM."

"In the gossip which always attends any measure of importance, the different reports and assertions which are confidently made respecting its fate are amusing enough. 'The bill,' says one careful calculator in its favour, 'will be carried by sixty-five.' 'I know,' says an oppositionist, with equally scrupulous accuracy, 'that it will be thrown out by a majority of forty-two.' 'There is to be no division,' affirms a third. 'Shall you vote for the bill?' said I to a Tory country gentleman. 'Why, I suppose I must,' answered he; 'they'll dissolve if it does not pass, and I can't afford to stand another election just now; besides, they say there'll be an insurrection in the country if it is thrown out.' 'It 'll never get through the Lords,' said one dandy *against*, to another *for* the measure. 'I'll bet you six to four—thousands,' was the conclusive argument in reply. In fact the bill was a very fertile source of gambling, and it was said that there was as much money upon it as upon the Derby. In fact, at the time, this topic superseded every other. The spirit of politics forced its way even into drawing-rooms, and usurped the throne of fashion. Young men talked to their partners with much complacency of their prospects in the scramble which was to take place, and ladies spoke with alarm of the times, and the dreadful reform measure. 'Do you really think there will be a revolution?' inquired a very pretty woman of me, as of one from whom she expected authentic information. 'No doubt of it,' was my grave reply. 'But are you serious?' 'I am indeed.' 'And—and what will be the consequences?' rejoined the fair inquirer, who, having ascertained that there was to be a revolution, now desired to know what a revolution was. 'The consequences,' answered I, 'are too numerous to be detailed. I can only mention a few, which will be among the earliest. The opera will certainly be put down by act of Parliament; the patronesses of Almack's will be dismissed, and their places filled up by tradesmen's wives; so that, instead of waltzing with guardmen, you will be obliged to content yourself with apprentices, if, indeed, you are so fortunate as to get a subscription. So I advise you to make interest betimes in the proper quarters.' 'I am sure, then, I hope the odious bill will be thrown out,' said the lady; who, however, knowing my character, was not quite sure that I was not quizzing her. This reminds me of a conversation which at that period I overheard in the street between two 'unwashed artificers,' at the door of a house where a petition in favour of the ministerial measure solicited their signatures. 'I say, Bill, cans't thee write?' 'Ah, to be sure I can,' answered Bill. 'Well, come in and write thy name to this here purtition for reform,' rejoined his companion. 'Reform! what the h—ll's that?' 'Why doesn't thee know? Reform is that we shall be all be lords and squires; shouldn't thee like to have thy misses a lady, and to ride in a carriage, with nothing to do but eat and drink like a new one?' 'My eyes! if that's the meaning on't,' said Bill, 'I'll sign it fast enough,—if I don't I'm blowed!' Accordingly, in they turned, and scrawled they names on the dirty parchment, which was subsequently presented, with previous notice, as the great Londen petition, signed by a hundred thousand inhabitants."—*Alice Paulet.*

THE WORLD.

"The world has always appeared to me a most ill-used and long suffering being. It is represented as a monster of vice and folly. Not a crime or absurdity can be committed, but it must be abused and ridiculed as the author. Not a reprobate, genteel or vulgar, can take the road to ruin, but the world must be execrated as his seducer. It is belaboured weekly by the parsons, daily by the press in every shape, from the sermon to the play, and hourly by individuals of all sorts and sizes; nay, even many of its own members, who either live on its bounty, or share in its pleasures, will sneer at it to its very face. Does the world ever retaliate, or even murmur under this load of calumny? Does it ever protest against the hardships of being made responsible for the iniquities and absurdities of those who are pre-destinated fools and scoundrels? or of having the abuse of the advantages and pleasures which it offers described as its real characteristics? Does it ever insinuate that all the slander with which it is overwhelmed proceeds either from the malice and spleen of those who have been disappointed in their speculations upon its good nature and patronage, or from knaves and imbeciles, who are glad to father their villanies and weakness upon it? Does it ever complain of the gross injustice and bitter spirit of persecution with which all its foibles are searched out, dragged to light, and made the theme of every species of invective, reproach, and scorn, while a thick veil is kept carefully drawn over its virtues? Does it ever vaunt of the admirable policy by which it preserves the honour of both sexes—making the slightest stain upon the reputation of the one an indelible blot; and the smallest breach of truth, honesty, or courage, irreparable in the other? Does it remind its detractors that it gives every facility to improvement, submits patiently to chastisment, whether it be the terrible scourge of genius, or the feeble stroke of a puny whipster, and yields a ready obedience to the deliberate voice of public opinion? In short, does it challenge its opponents to investigate human nature, and to produce a scheme of society which shall secure to mankind a greater average of virtue, wisdom, and happiness, than it can afford? So much for the world; which, though I admit like every thing human, it is not exempt from faults, is, I must maintain, upon the whole, of an amiable character, and utterly undeserving of the indiscrimate abuse which is lavished upon it from every side."—*ib.*

THE SEASON.

The following notices are copied from the Atlas.

Thermometrical Table at Portland, Me. 1831—[Kept by Capt. Lemuel Moody.]—The following is the average, for each month of the year, noted at sun rise, at noon, and at 8 P. M. The thermometer is placed on the north side of a building and exposed to a free current of air. Also is noted the number of days that the sun rose and set clear, and when clear at noon.

	Sunrise.	*Noon.*	*8 P.M.*	*clear morn.*	*c.noon.*	*c.even.*
January	14d.abo.	22d.	18d.	14	21	21
February	16	26	22	13	19	14
March	32	41	35	14	17	8
April	39	48	43	10	15	11
May	48	60	52	11	19	12
June	59	72	65	13	17	14
July	61	75	67	21	19	21
August	62	77	67	11	25	19
September	53	67	57	16	18	17
October	44	55	49	12	18	17
November	34	42	36	10	16	17
December	8	16	12	12	18	18

The following table exhibits the average for the month of December, for the last fifteen years; also the number of days the sun rose and set clear, and clear at noon.

Years.	*Sunrise*	*Noon.*	*8 P.M.*			
1817	24d.abo.	30d.	28d.			
1818	16	24	21			
1819	22	32	35			
1820	4	21	19			
1821	19	25	23			
1822	20	26	22			
1823	23	28	26	*Sun rose clear.*	*clear at noon.*	*Sun set clear.*
1824	25	31	27			
1825	24	30	27	205	259	189
1826	22	29	27	177	230	177
1827	20	27	24	180	234	196
1828	27	34	29	188	230	191
1829	29	35	32	178	247	195
1830	27	33	29	182	227	191
1831	8	16	12	157	222	189

Remarks.—The mercury was the highest on the first June, and 31st July—at 91 degrees, and has been below zero, four different days in January, one day in February, and five days in December. The lowest for the year, was on 22d December, at 10 degrees below, and did not rise higher during the day than 4 degrees below zero.

At no time during the above fifteen years, has the mercury continued below zero more than 38 successive hours.

The average for last December has been about 12 degrees colder than the general average for that month for the last fifteen years, and six degrees lower than the cold December of 1820. The mercury has not risen above the freezing point, one day excepted, since the 26th November.

Snow during the year, fifty six inches, viz. January 4 storms, fell 10 inches, February 4 storms, 12 1-2 inches; March 3 storms, 6 inches, April 1 storm two inches, November, 3 storms 9 inches, December 7 storms, 16 1-2 incher; the rain on the 24th dissolved much of the snow; for the present winter thus far, there has been five weeks good sledding.—*Argus, Jan.* 3

Keene, N. H. Dec. 16.—For the week past the mercury has sunk to from 5 to 15 degrees below 0, every morning until yesterday.

At *Greenfield Mass.* on the 6th ult. the mercury stood at 18 degrees above 0; on the 7th at 5; 8th, at 3 below 0; 9th, at 4 above; 10th, at 6 below; 11th, at 8 below, and 12th, at 21 above. Time of observation, about sunrise.

Worcester, Mass. Dec. 29.—For five weeks past the ground has been covered with snow, and, during nearly the whole of that time, the weather has been intensely cold. For the last month we have had but one thawing day, the thermometer, most of the time, has been several degrees below the freezing point, and it has frequently been at from two to four, and even six degrees below zero, in the morning. We do not believe there has been another instance of such severity of weather, so early in the season, and for so long a term, for the last thirty years.—*Spy.*

Stamford, Conn. Dec. 20.—On Thursday night the thermometer was at 6 below zero. Our harbours are closed with ice.

New-York.—It appears by a meteorological journal for December, published in the Evening Post, that such a continuation of uniformly cold weather has rarely if ever been known in this city in that month. The average degree of the thermometer was 22, 75, a lower mean, it is stated, than that of any month excepting January 1702, and January 1821, for 40 years. Though the winters of 1796, 1797, and 1798 set in earlier than the present, the mean degree of the thermometer in Dec. of those years was not below 27. The mean degree of Dec. 1790, which was the coldest December from the memorable winter of 1779–80 to 1830, was 25, being three degrees higher than the month past.—*Mer. Adv.*

Troy, N. Y Dec. 31. Last Saturday morning our thermometer stood at 8 below zero.

Buffalo, Dec. 20.—Lake Erie at this place is closed with ice; a circumstance unprecedented at this time of the year. Snow and winter continue with intense and unabated rigor.

The *Philadelphia* National Gazette states that the Delaware, was crossed regularly on the ice, by two lines of stages, on Sunday week.

Pittsburgh, Pa Dec. 23.—Sunday morning 18th inst. mercury 6 below zero—ten o'clock, A. M. two above zero. A gentleman who recently crossed the Alleghany mountains on his way from Philadelphia to Pittsburgh, Dec 9th, says: "When we crossed the top of the mountain, we experienced such a storm of snow and wind, as I have scarcely ever seen. The thermometer stood at 5 below zero. We came across a man on his horse, so nearly frozen that he was entirely insensible We left him with some wagoners, and very much doubt if he survived. When we arrived here, to our great disappointment we found the river frozen up! a circumstance which has not occurred so early in the season for a great many years."

Wheeling, Va. Dec. 17.—The river [Ohio] has been closed with ice since Sunday last. It has seldom, if ever, since the country has been inhabited by the present race, been frozen over so early in the season. In 1825–6, it was frozen about the 1st Feb.—broke up on the 18th.—In 1826–7, it was closed with ice on the 29th of Dec. and broke up on the 17th of Jan.—The winter of 1827–8 was remarkably open. The river was navigable the whole winter, and on the 21st of December it was 22 feet above low water mark.—In 1828–9, the river was navigable until the 12th of Feb. On the 21st it was frozen over, and broke up on the 9th of March.—Last winter, which was considered a very hard one, the river was not frozen over until the 22d of Jan It broke up on the 18th of Feb.

Accounts of the 24th say,—the mercury, on Sunday morning last, stood at 16 degrees below 0—which was 10 degreess colder than the coldest day last winter.

According to a meteorological table kept at *Alexandria D. C.* for December, the average of the thermometer was 31; range 47—warmest day 47—coldest day zero or 0. In the same month of 1830, the average was 36. The observer remarks—"Probably within the memory of any person living, weather more inclement and unusually severe never was experienced than in the month of December 1831. The Potomac was frozen over on the 5th, and the ice so substantial that loaded wagons crossed in safety."

Georgetown, D. C. Dec. 8th.—The Potomac is frozen entirely across, and navigation is of course suspended.

A *Fredericksburg, Va.* paper of Dec. 10th, says the navigation of the Rappahannock at that place was completely obstructed by ice.

Petersburgh, Va. Dec. 9th.—A spell of uncommonly severe weather set in at the commencement of this month, which has not even yet abated. For several days the Appomattox has been frozen across for two or three miles below—but not so as wholly to obstruct navigation.

Dec. 16th.—The cold yet continues. (Merc. 25 to 28.) So early a spell, so severe, so long continuance, is recollected by no one. On Wednesday night we had a second fall of snow.

Fayetteville, N. C. Dec. 14.—We had a considerble fall of snow on Tuesday night last.

Columbus, Ohio, Dec. 6th.—The weather for the past week has been intensely cold. The oldest citizens of the county can instance nothing equal to it since its first settlement. Although but little snow has fallen, the ground is frozen solid. The Canal is covered with ice from eight to ten inches thick, and the navigation entirely.—*Sentinel.*

Cincinnati, O. Dec. 16.—Our thermometer was at zero at eleven o'clock last evening. *This long spell of weather* is unprecedented at this season of the year both as to severity and continuance.

Frankfort, Ky. Dec 9.—The Kentucky river was completely blocked up with ice at this place, on the 5th inst. although the stage of water was not ordinarily low. We have had slight falls of snow almost every day for a week. The depth however, has never been greater than four inches. We have scarcely ever experienced a more intensely cold atmosphere than that which we have inhaled for the last week; and never before so early in the season. The severe weather generally comes on in the last of January and February.

Columbia, Tenn. Dec. 6.—For the last week we have had very severe weather. The ground has been covered with snow to the depth of nine inches, and promises to remain so for some time yet. Sleighing has become a fashionable amusement here, where a sleigh was never before seen.

Natchez, Miss. Dec. 9th.—We were visited yesterday by a storm of *sleet* and rain, which reminded us of some of the famed *North-easters*, which we recollect having seen and *felt* during a sojourn in the Granite State. It is indeed extraordinary weather for this

latitude, more especially for the early part of December. The rain froze as it fell, and the tress were yesterday and are now covered with icicles, presenting a very gloomy appearance, *particularly to those who are not well provided in the article of firewood.*

Dec. 14.—During a residence of upwards of thirty years in this country, we have never experienced so long and severe a spell of intense cold weather, as that we have suffered in continued succession, (and which still continues with unabated severity) since the 7th inst. A very heavy rain, accompanied by severe cold, continued during the 7th and 8th, which, freezing as it descended, loaded the branches of the forest with ice; and has broken down many of the heavy limbs of the trees, particularly of the large red oaks, and also stripped them of their bark; many fences have been leveled and some cattle killed. The roads have been so much filled by the fallen timber, as to be completely impassable for carriages, and indeed travelled with difficulty on horseback.—*Gazette.*

The Woodville Democrat, of the 17th inst. states, that the streets of that place the day previous, had been covered with snow, and that the inhabitants of the village, were gratified by the novel exhibition of skating and sleigh-riding.

St Louis, Mri. Dec 15th.—The Mississippi is entirely blocked up with ice in this place, in consequence of which business seems almost entirely suspended. No arrivals, no visiters, all kinds of provisions exceedingly high, and every person with a bad cold, and in a bad humor. We have amused ourselves for half an hour with comparing this trick of winter with the Tariff system—The Illinoisians who, before the river was blocked up, (which might as easily be done with duties as with ice) would bring over the productions of their immense tracts of rich land, sell them cheap, and spend the money with our merchants, are now prevented from coming, and scarcity and exorbitant prices, and stagnation of business are the consequences. We do not know that this is a fair sample of the great political question in dispute; we only state the circumstances, and pray for the removal of the ice.—*Beacon.*

Opelousas, La. Dec. 10th.—A severe frost was experienced here on Thursday night and yesterday. Fears are entertained that great loss will be sustained by the Sugar planter. 17th.—On Wednesday evening last, snow commenced falling, accompanied with a severe north wind, and continued until Thursday morning. The snow at that time lying 2 or 3 inches thick on the ground, and frozen stiff. For many years so severe a frost, and so continued has not been known in this country.

Pensacola, Flor. Dec. 2.—Our winter which usually bears a resemblance to the Indian summer of the North, has this year been very severe. Though we have had no snow, yet frost and ice have been of common occurence.

RELIGIOUS WORSHIP OF THE JEWS.

Synagogues.—These places of public worship were first erected in Palestine, by the Jews, under the Maccabean Princes. They were built with a court and porches, in some particulars, in imitation of the Temple. In the centre of the court was a chapel and desk, or pulpit, on which the law was laid, rolled up. There was a vestry attached to the Synagogue. The seats nearest the desk were called *uppermost*, or *chief* seats, were deemed most honorable, and usually selected by the Pharisees. It is said that the *Doctors*, for distinction's sake, sat with their backs towards the pulpit. The law was read on certain days. The services were performed by a Synagogue Preacher, in Hebrew, and then rendered in the vernacular tongue, or in a language which could be understood, by an interpreter. There was a Synagogue ruler, who presided over the assembly, for the purpose of keeping order, and who invited some suitable person to read, unless some such person voluntarily offered to perform that service, who usually after reading addressed the assembly. There was a servant also, who attended the ruler, to hand the book to the person to read, and to take it when he had done. Those who *expounded* the Scripture, performed this duty *sitting*.

The religious services of the Synagogue, were prayer, reading, and expounding the Scriptures.—Prayer was performed by a select individual. They had liturgies, in which were all the prescribed forms of Synagogue worship. Of these there were 19; and all Jews must repeat them three times a day, in the Synagogue, or at their own houses. The second part of the worship was reading the scriptures, which was of three kinds; first, 3 portions, viz. Deut. 6: 4—9 and ch. 11: 13 to 21—Numb. 15: 37 to 41.—The *first* portion commenced with *shema*, hear, and are *all* termed *shema*. They were preceded and followed with prayers and benedictions. *Second;* the law, which was divided into 54 sections, and one was read every sabbath. *Third;* selected portions out of the prophetic writings. The Jews, when conquered by Epiphenes, were prohibited the reading of the law, in the Synagogues; they then selected portions of the prophecies as a substitute, which were not forbidden. From this custom, the primitive church adopted the practice of reading a lesson every sabbath. The last part of Synagogue worship, was exposition, or preaching. Synagogue *days* were the sabbath—the 2d and 5th days of each week, that is, Saturdays, Mondays, and Thursdays, besides their holy days. Their Synagogue *hours*, were three times on each of those days; morning, afternoon, and night. The 3d, 6th and 9th hours; 9, 12, and 3 o'clock, were the appropriate periods.

For the accommodation of the Jews, during the reign of the Maccabean Princes, Synagogues were erected in every considerable place in Judea. Wherever there were Jews, there was a Synagogue. Previous to the destruction of Jerusalem, by the Romans, it is said there were not less than 480 in that city. Hence there were Synagogues of the Jews, Alexandrians, Asiatics, Cilicians, Cyreneans, and Libertines.

The females had an apartment by themselves, separated from that of the males by a latticed gallery, in which they could see and hear, and not be dicovered by the men, in their seats.—*N. H. Observer.*

A Philadelphia paper contains the following statement of the bequests by Mr. *Girard's will.*

It gives to the Pennsylvania Hospital, subject to the payment of an annuity of $200 to a female slave, whom he sets free, $30,000

To the Asylum for the Deaf and Dumb, 20,000

To the Orphan's Asylum, 10,000

To the Controllers of the Public Schools, 10,000

To the City Corporation, to be invested, and the interest to be applied annually in the purchase of wood for the poor, 10,000

To the Society of Ship Masters, 10,000

To the Free Masons' Lodge, 20,000

For a School to be erected in the township of Passyunk, for poor white children, 6,000

Sundry Legacies to individuals amounting to 120,000

Several annuities amounting to about, 4,000

To the city of New Orleans, 1000 acres of improved land in the territory of Mississippi, and

One-third of 207,000 acres of unimproved land, in the same territory.

To the city of Philadelphia the remaining two-thirds of the said unimproved lands. [This land is said to be now worth 500,000 dollars.

To the city of Philadelphia, stock in the Schuylkill Navigation Company, 110,000

[Worth in the market considerably more than this sum.]

For a College for poor white male children, and its proper endowments, the sum of 2,000,000

To the city of Philadelphia, for certain city improvements, to be invested, and the interest to be annually applied, 500,000

All his remaining Estate, real and personal, (no part of the real estate to be sold) is to be applied as follows:—in further aid of the said College—Improvements of the city and in relief of the Taxes. This Estate is very large, but not yet valued.

To the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, to be applied to internal improvements by Canals, provided the Legislature shall within one year from Stephen Girard's decease, pass laws authorizing the city of Philadelphia to make the intended improvements—otherwise to the United States for the same object, 300,000

The gentlemen hereafter named are the executors of his will:—Timothy Paxson, Joseph Roberts, Thomas P. Cope, William J. Duane, John A. Barclay.

MY SCORNFU' LASSIE.

TUNE—"*Tam Glen.*"

What means a' this scorning, my lassie?
An' what mean thae looks o' disdain?
It wasna your wont to be saucy,
It isna your nature, I ken.
Langsyne, when we met 'mang the breckan,
You laughed the young simmer day by;
But now, sin' this turn ye hae taken,
Ye've grown unco scorntu' and shy!

If love be the cause, though I doubt it.
Be frank just at ance, now, an' tell;
I'll deave ye nae mair, lass, about it,
Gin I be the loved ane mysel.
But I'll steal to the fair agin Monday,
An' buy you a braw prentit gown;
An' faith! ye'se appear the niest Sunday
The fairest young bride in the toun.

Then cease wi' your scorning, my lassie,
An' gie me a kind look the while;
Leave them to be frowning and saucy
Whase faces were ne'er made to smile.
I'm but a puir hand at beseeching,
And words hae nae mony to spare,
Sae I'll mak a short end o' the preaching,
Gin ye will but listen the prayer! *Gilfillan.*

A PRACTICAL JOKE.

During the last summer two elderly gentlemen of rather austere manners, who were strangers to each other, were in the habit of occasionally visiting a celebrated Coffee House in London. Being both rather niggardly in their habits, the waiter had never received from either his accustomed fee; and indignant at thus being neglected, the rascal only waited for an opportunity to play off upon them a practical joke. This opportunity soon arrived.

One afternoon Mr. Jenkins, one of the gentlemen in question, came to the public room, but finding it occupied by a set of jovial fellows, who were somewhat disposed to be noisy, he turned in disgust to the waiter, and requested him to show him into a private apartment, and furnish him with a cup of coffee, a pipe, and a newspaper. Sood after, Mr. Jones, the other gentlemen who had rendered himself obnoxious to the waiter, also came in, and made a similar request. The waiter expressed regret that it was not in his power to comply with his request, as the apartments were all occupied. "But," said he, as if the idea suddenly occurred to him, "there is a gentleman in No. 5, who, I presume, would have no objection to sharing his room with you—but, perhaps, you may not be pleased with his company, as unfortunately, he is quite deaf."

"O, that is of little consequence," said Mr. Jones. "Give my respects to the gentleman, and ask him if he will admit me into his company."

The waiter departed, and entered into the apartment where Mr. Jenkins was wading through a tremendous paragraph relating to the French Revolution. "Sir," said the wag, "there is a very respectable elderly gentleman below, who is desirous of retiring to a private apartment, but unfortunately our rooms are all filled with company. If you will be so obliging as to ———."

"Send him up," replied Mr. Jenkins. "I shall be happy to have his company."

"But," resumed the waiter, "the poor man labors under a great infirmity, he is as deaf as a post."

"I am sorry for that," said Mr. Jenkins, "as I wished to have some particular chat about the extraordinary events which have recently taken place in France. But never mind, send him up."

Mr. Jones was accordingly introduced. The two gentlemen bowed, looked hard at each other without speaking, and puffed away at their pipes for some time.

At last Mr. Jenkins *bawled out*, "Well, sir, what do you think of Lafayette?"

"I think he is a most extraordinary man, and an honor to the human race," screamed Mr. Jones, at the top of his voice.

"He *is* an extraordinary man, sir; he is a great man—he is the hero of three Revolutions: I would not exchange his fame for that of any name on record," continued Mr. Jenkins, still bawling to the infinite jeopardy of his lungs.

"Good God! my dear sir," said Mr. Jones with the voice of a Stentor, "you need not bawl so loud. You absolutely stun me—*I* am not deaf."

"That rascal of a waiter told me you were," said Mr. Jenkins in his natural voice."

"He told me the same story about you," hoarsely vociferated Mr. Jones.

"Spare me, my dear sir," exclaimed Mr. Jenkins, holding up both his hands—"or the drums of my ears will burst. *I* am no more deaf than yourself!"

Indignant at the trick which was played them, they rung the bell for the waiter; and when he appeared with a provoking leer upon his features, they asked him what he deserved for such impertinent conduct.

"I suppose, gentlemen, I deserve what I am in the habit of receiving from you."

"What is that?"

"Nothing." So saying he coolly walked off.—*Exeter News-Letter.*

THE GUINEA AND THE APPLE BLOSSOM.

By some strange chance, a guinea and a piece of apple blossom found themselves lying side by side on a marble slab. The guinea was fresh from the mint, whilst the blossom just gathered, was still spangled with globules of morning dew. Her companion, perceiving her superior beauty, silently acknowledged it; until the bright noonday sun fading the freshness of her rosy petals, the purse proud and conceited coin vented his disdain in these insulting words:—"Poor frail and short lived creature! see how thy beauty fades, thy brightness vanishes; thou who so lately rearedst thy head in all the pride of youth and beauty. What is thy value now? Who cares for thee? Where is the hand that plucked thee? Where is the perfume that thou, in thy vanity, shed on every passing gale?—Useless fragment! Cast on me thy dying looks, and there behold true worth and strength. Even from the hour when, issuing from my mother earth, I first beheld the light of day, have the grains of which I am composed been protected and cherished by my benefactor, man. It was he who first brought me, by dint of industry and skill, from out of one of the richest veins of a Peruvian mine! It was he who, with infinite care and dexterity, cleansed me and purified me from the contagion of all baser matter, and brought me over stormy seas to kings and kingdoms, laboring and fighting to receive me! It was he who, finally moulding me to his will, gave me my fair proportions and my graceful form! and it is he who still struggles and languishes to possess me! Think of my strength, my durability, my immortality,—and then, pale flower, acknowledge, that of all earthly things 'tis I alone, am truly great! The blossom, inwardly smiling at the conceit of the guinea, rallied her drooping spirits, and raised her drooping head to reply.—"Cease, O proud coin!" said she, "to persecute thus my dying moments with thy vain boasts; for know that, spite of all thy vaunting, I can esteem myself worthier far than thee! what art thou and all thy kind, but the cause of every evil that can assail mankind! From love of thee come all his pride and selfishness, oppression and dishonesty; and to possess thee, base lucre that thou art! does man forget his Maker, and forfeit even his hopes of future bliss. Call not thyself a blessing to him, for thou art his bane, his everlasting curse; whilst I, perfected as I came from the hands of my Creator, have to to this hour been unto man an image of his wisdom and his love! I speak not of myself alone, but of all my beautiful species. Fed by the wholesome juices which, rising from our mother earth, circulate in our veins and expand our fibres; nourished by sunshine and by gentle showers, we reach unto maturity. Our germs increase, and, ripening under summer suns, present, at last a wholesome and refreshing food. He accepts the usual gift and blesses God!—But this end I was not doomed to see, and yet a higher destiny was mine; mine was the glorious privilege of first turning a youthful heart in grateful adoration, to the knowledge of its Maker! A pious mother, plucking me from off my parent branch, displayed to the wondering eye of her fair child the beauty and the use of all my parts; she poured into its astonished ear the history of my being,—how that from a little seed the tree was raised—how that from each blossom the fruit would be produced: and pointing to the blue heaven above, she whispered the great name of God! and the child, clasping its little hands, lisped, with lips of gratitude and love, 'How very good he is!' The blossom drooped, her leaflets closed around her and her last breath of odour was wafted away for ever.—*The New Year's Gift and Juvenile Souvenir for* 1832.

STANZAS.

Man is for woman made,
And woman made for man.
As the spur is for the jade,
As the scabbard for the blade.
As for liquor is the can,
So man's for woman made,
And woman made for man.
As the sceptre to be sway'd,
As the night to serenade,
As for pudding is the pan,
As to cool us is the fan,
So man's for woman made,
And woman made for man.
Be she widow, wife or maid,
Be she wanton, be she staid,
Be she well or ill array'd,
So man's for woman made,
And woman made for man.

A Souvenir. The following is a true bill. We have suppressed names, but the facts are as recorded. Mr. Blank, a wag residing at the South End, got up betimes on New-Year's Day, some seven years since, and going into a carpenter's shop, caught his neighbor by surprise with a Happy New-Year! "Happy New-Year, friend Foreplane." "The same to you," says Mr. F.; "if I had fourpence handy I would give it to you but as I have not, lay down here and I will measure you for a coffin." Blank, nothing daunted, disposed his length on the work-bench, toes up and arms trussed, whilst Foreplane chalked him out. In twenty-four hours after, the shell was sent home; mahogany, with silver plate; name engraved, and space left for his age—time when, &c. It occasioned some little trepidation in the family, when they saw it brought into the house; but the matter being explained, it was locked up for safe preservation, until needed. Since then the coffin has been annually rubbed and varnished, the plate polished, and exhibited to the donee's friends.—*Boston Transcript.*

Rogers. Samuel Rogers was well educated and well disciplined. After enjoying the benefit of a classical education and foreign travel, he sat down in business as a banker, and pursued his profession with the attention and correctness of the sale-devoted sons of trade. Goldsmith was his model, and he labored his lines with ten times his master's care, if not always with his master's success. Perhaps the English language does not afford a more finished composition, in regard to language, than the "Pleasures of Memory." He wrote because he felt the inspiration, and polished his verse and chastened his language, because he was too scrupulous to give his country a specimen of careless or unfinished poetry. He was born in 1762, and, of course, is now an old man, and if his muse has lost some of its fire, his heart has lost none of its warmth. It was Rogers who came in to soothe the last pangs of Sheridan, as he was drinking the dregs of the cup of his misfortunes and his follies on his death-bed.

PLEASING THE MOTHER.—"I here, of course, praised his 'fine boys,' asked their ages, and addressed the urchins themselves, awkwardly enough I dare say, though I hope in a rather more fortunate style than that of an old bachelor of my acquaintance, who, when a young married lady presented her first born darling to him for his meed of admiration, not knowing exactly what to say to the poor little gummy wretch, tapped it under the chin, with 'Aha, little beast!' to the astonishment, disgust, and indignation of the pretty mother."—*A. Paulet.*

Duration of Life in the U. S.—It was ascertained by the last census, that there were in the United States, 2651 persons who were 100 years old or upwards.

MARRIED,

In this city, on the 26th ult. Daniel K. Hall, to Miss Caroline Robinson.

On the 1st, George Lewis, to Miss Clara Musson.

On the 12th inst, James Robertson, to Miss Sarah Ann McBride.

On the 15th, Daniel Higgins, to Miss Clarissa Hopper.

On the 12th, William John Messenger, to Miss Antoinett Wrightner.

On the 1st, Wm. Tayler, of Pelham, to Miss Jane D Hammond, of Rochester.

At Philadelphia, Robert C. Hill, to Susan, daughter of Jacob Clarkson.

At Lyme, Sylvanus B. Huntley, to Miss Lydia L., daughter of David Caulkins, Esq.

At Savannah, Ga. Louis Garahl, to Miss Frances Conn, of Augusta.

At Augusta, Ga. Joseph S. Canfield, to Miss Emily A Plournoy

DIED,

In this city, on the 9th inst. Dr. James M. Pendleton, aged 46 years.

On the 14th, Benjamin Baker, 20.

On the 4th, Captain William G. Brooks, late master of the schr. Naomi.

On the 9th, Elijah Smith, Jr. late of Chester, Windsor co. Vermont.

On the 9th, Miss Catharine Black, daughter of John Black, aged 24.

On the 15th, Mrs. Jane Tader, wife of R. F. Tader.

On the 5th, Mrs. Sarah Odenheimer, formerly of Philadelphia, aged 47.

On the 9th, Mrs. Elizabeth Sproull, aged 73.

On the 13th, Mrs. Mary, wife of Jonathan Runnals, printer, aged 34.

On the 12th, John Morgan Glover, M.D. eldest son of Thos. Glover, Esq.

On the 14th, Miss Eliza Bertholf, 18.

On the 16th, David W. Moll, 41.

On the 15th, Mrs. Catharine B., wife of Abraham M. Hazlehurst, aged 21.

On the 15th, Frances S. Ludlow, 88.

On the 14th, Mrs. Elizabeth Banner, widow of the late Michael Banner.

On the 14th, Col. Robert Troup, 75.

At Brooklyn, George Hunter, aged 48; and James Mathews, aged 53.

At Oyster Bay, L.I. Mrs. Catharine Youngs.

At Newburgh, N.Y. Mrs. Elizabeth, wife of Evan Davis, proprietor of the Mansion House.

At Philadelphia, Abiel Sharp, Esq. U. S. Marshal for the Southern District of Pennsylvania.

At Richmond, Va. Mrs. Eliza Park Custis, grand daughter of the late Mrs. General Washington, aged 56.

At Mobile, Mrs. Deborah A. Bessac, wife of Benjamin L. Bessac, and daughter of the Rev. Simeon Dickerson, of East Haddam, Conn.

At Lyme, Mass. Mrs. Mehitable Sill, wife of Thomas Sill, Esq.

At Newport, Mrs. Sarah Tew, widow of Colonel William Tew, aged 78.

At Portsmouth, Jacob Walden, 81; Mrs. Mary Appleton, 80, widow of Capt. Wm. Appleton.

At Lowell, Mass. John Andrews, formerly of Portland, aged 60.

At Washington, Me. Henry Tims, late doorkeeper of the Senate Chamber.

At Portland, Miss Caroline Merwick, daughter of Capt. Atwood Merwick, aged 25

At Savannah, Geo. on the 23d, Thomas Planket, merchant, of this city, aged 40.

At St Croix, 8th, Fergus Cochran, of the firm of Cochran & Brothers, of this city.

At Ponce, Porto Rico, —— Davidson, Esq. formerly of New York, and late U.S. Consul at Ponce.

At the same place, —— Purrington, of Portland, Me.

At the same place, Dr. Abram Parker, of Vienna, Oneida co. N.Y.

SYLVESTER 130 Broadway, N. Y.—Official drawing of the N.Y. Lottery, Extra Class No. 1 for 1832, drawn January 18, 1832—1 62 59 53 14 12 57 51 52 61.

The capital prizes again sold by Sylvester.

The following brilliant schemes will next be drawn:

Jan. 25—Extra 2. $12,500. 3,000. .... $4

Feb. 1—Extra 3, $20,000, 5,000. .... $5

Feb. 8—Prizes of $30,000, 20,000. .... $8

A New York Lottery will be drawn every Wednesday. Those remitting funds and not naming any particular class, will have sent to them tickets in the first good scheme.

Orders from abroad meet same attention as on personal application, if addressed to the subscriber, who is licensed by the State.

N.B. All those who deal with Sylvester will receive the "Reporter, Counterfeit Detector, and Price Current," (published every Wednesday,) gratis for 12 months. It is a most useful paper, and should be in the hands of every country merchant or dealer.

☞ Commission business, also Exchange, and collection of drafts, attended to with promptitude.

S. J. SYLVESTER, N.York.

Reference: Messrs. Yates & McIntyre. Jan. 21.

COMFORTABLES, CLOAKS, &c.—*Establishment, No. 56 Maiden Lane.*—The subscriber, having extended his manufacture of Cloaks, now offers an assortment much superior to that of the last season, and, it is presumed, equal at least in style, quality, and cheapness, to that of any other establishment. The stock comprises Cloths: French, German, and English Merinos: figured and plain Silks and Satins; Circassians, Plaids, &c.—Ladies and Misses' sizes. They are made by persons of experience and taste, and after the most approved French patterns.

Comfortables.—The excellence as well as economy of this article is well attested by those who have made use of it for a number of years. It possesses decided advantages over other kinds of covering, being of the same nature as down, combining lightness with extreme warmth. Great pains have been taken to obtain suitable materials, at the lowest market prices. On account of peculiar advantages in manufacturing they will be sold at such prices as will offer an inducement to the most economical. Families, Public Schools, Hotels, Shipping &c furnished with any quantity and size, at less than the ordinary cost of the materials. Merchants will be supplied at the lowest rates.

New York, Nov. 1, 1831. DANIEL O. CAULKINS.

WILLIAMSON'S EXCHANGE, *Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania*—This new, splendid and extensive Hotel, believed to be one of the best in the United States, is now open for the accommodation of the public. Situation convenient and pleasant, at the corner of Penn and St. Clair streets. Charges the same as other respectable Hotels. *May* 1, 1831.

UNION HOUSE—*Dresden, Ohio.*—The subscriber has opened a house of entertainment in a large and very elegant brick building, just completed, and situated on the corner of Main and Mount streets, immediately opposite the Canal Basin in this village. LABAN LEMERT.

Dresden, Nov. 20, 1831.

IPECAC. & SQUILLS LOZENGES.

THE most convenient, pleasant, and effectual cough medicines are offered for sale by

Dr. LEWIS FEUCHTWANGER,

jan.7. 377 Broadway.

F I N E

POCKET-BOOKS.

GREAT ASSORTMENT—170 KINDS—

(Principally for Booksellers,)

Wholesale and Retail,

By **T. BUSSING**, Manufacturer,

70 William-street.

N.B. Booksellers and Dealers, who desire *good* articles for retailing, will find it *their* interest to call and examine the *quality* and prices of the above.

At Retail, a most beautiful assortment of Ladies' and Gentlemen's STEEL-TRIMM'D CARD CASES, Pocket Books, &c. at *very* reasonable prices, worthy the attention of *those* who desire a *neat* and *good* article. jan.21.

$50 REWARD—BEWARE OF IMPOSTERS.

MONS. CHABERT, the pretended Fire King, on the 12th advertised all Druggists to be imposters, who offered his *Tepuyas Elixir* for the toothache, for sale, except two; while I was, and am now selling it. The above reward will be paid to any person who has bought, or will buy, this article at either of my stores that is not genuine, or that has not M. Chabert's stamp or signature on the wrapper. The public can now judge who is the imposter!

LUCIUS S. COMSTOCK.

jan.21. 20 Fulton slip, and 56 Division st.

MILK OF ROSES—(*Warren's.*)

A superior article for the complexion, removing all eruptions and roughness, and giving the countenance a peculiarly healthy and florid hue. It is also a pleasant and beautiful perfume. For sale by

LUCIUS S. COMSTOCK,

jan.21 20 Fulton slip, and 56 Division st.

COMB FACTORY.

B. FRASER respectfully informs his friends and the public in general that he keeps an elegant assortment of Tortoise shell combs, at the old established comb store, No. 25½ Maiden lane. His assortment at present consists of large and small American carved combs, of the newest patterns. Extra large plain shell combs, likewise middling and small sizes, Tortoise shell long combs of a superior quality, with a beautiful assortment of neck and side combs. B. F. intends devoting his attention particularly to the manufacture of Tortoise shell combs, which he is in hopes he shall be able to sell at very moderate prices. Orders for any sized comb, or any fancy pattern, will be attended to at a few days notice. A small assortment of fancy Brazil combs, likewise ivory, dressing and crescent, manufactured of the very best materials and sold at moderate prices.

N.B. Combs neatly repaired. dec.24

NOTICE is hereby given that the subscriber did advertise under the head of *serious fact*, a liniment warranted to cure the *Piles* in all cases, and the orders of the proprietor, Mr. Hays, that the price of a box (50 cents) should be paid to any respectable person who would say he had used a box without being cured: since which many boxes have been sold, and I have not had one application to refund. A few boxes yet for sale.

L. S. COMSTOCK,

dec.31. 20 Fulton and 86 Division street.

VALUABLE DISCOVERY.

Elixir Pectorale—Vegetable Pectoral Elixir.

THE discovery of this inestimable Elixir was the result of ten years close study, in order to discover the causes, symptoms, and cure for all those formidable diseases that prey upon the organs of the chest, namely, consumption, asthma, catarrh, colds, and every species of oppression of the chest. In all cases where this Elixir has been duly administered, its astonishing efficacy over every other article heretofore offered to the public, for the same purpose, has been invariably manifested, convincing the most incredulous, that consumption is not incurable, if properly attended to.

For sale by the proprietor's agent, Nathan B. Graham, Jr. No. 38 Cedar street, corner of William street, wholesale and retail. jan.7.

WORM SUGAR PLUMS.

A CERTAIN and safe medicine for removing worms and cleansing the stomach and intestines of the unhealthy mucus in which they are produced.

From the pleasant form and taste of this medicine, it is decidedly the most convenient for administering to children. For sale by GEO. D. COGGESHALL,

d.31. Apothecary and Druggist, c Pearl and Rose sts.

FUMIGATING PASTILES.—Wax and Incense Powders are prepared and offered for sale, wholesale and retail, by

Dr. LEWIS FEUCHTWANGER,

jan.7. 377 Broadway.

TAPUYAS ELIXIR—*The Fire King's Tooth Drops*, an instantaneous cure for all Toothache, for sale at 50 cents each bottle, by

LUCIUS S. COMSTOCK,

jan.14. 20 Fulton Slip, and 56 Division st.

NOVA SCOTIA COALS.—Sydney and Albion, or Pictou Coals, of the best description, direct from the Mines, for sale at the Coal Yard in Hubert-street, between Washington and Greenwich-streets; at the Yard at Brooklyn, foot of Adams-st.; and at the office of the subscriber—either by the cargo, or in quantities to suit purchasers. Also, *Coke* of superior quality, for melting iron or brass, and likewise well adapted for the uses of kitchens. The prices are as follow:—From the vessel—Sydney Coals, $9 50 per chaldron of 36 bushels (1 and 1-5th ton); Pictou Coals, $9 per chaldron. From the yard—Sydney Coals, coarse, $11 50 per chaldron; do, mixed, $10 50 per do; do, screenings, $7 per do; Pictou Coals, $10 50 per do; and Coke, $11 50 per do.

Orders left with the following persons will receive prompt attention:—Laing & Randolph, c. of Murray and Washington-sts.; John H. Bostwick, corner of West and Clarkson-streets; Jacob Southart, 263 Washington-street; Thomas Eddy, corner of Catherine and Madison-streets; Walter M. Franklin, 6 Merchants' Exchange; Elijah Secor, 417 Broadway; R. N. Waite, 172 Broadway; Nathan Newton, 15 Fulton-street; G. W. Waite, Fulton street, Brooklyn.

Oct. 29. RUPERT J. COCHRAN, 27 Broad-st.

SUPERIOR NEW MUSIC.

"Dost thou love me, sister Ruth? say, say, say!"
"As I fain would speak the truth, yea, yea, yea!"

FIRTH & HALL, No. 1 Franklin square, have just published a new Quaker comic duett, entitled "Dost thou love me, sister Ruth?" as sung by Madame Vestris and Mr. Harley, embellished with a vignette, showing the positions, attitudes, &c. of the performers. Also, the New Year's Gift, a new Annual, or Musical Souvenir.

Just received from Baltimore, the "Musical Bijou," for 1832, 106 pages, with the following exquisite embellishments: Beauty of Barcelona, The Minstrel, and The Parting.

From London, "Bayley's Songs of Almacks," 64 folio pages, with the following embellishments, elegantly executed: Queen Adelaide, Countess G., Lady D., Lady L., and the "Debutante," all highly finished portraits. Likewise, "La Variete," or "Petits Morceaux," for the voice and piano forte, 66 quarto pages; and the Musical Gem for 1832, quarto, London. jan.14.

A CARD.

EVAN JONES, grateful for the encouragement he has received in the establishment of the Broadway stages, takes this occasion to assure the public and his friends that he will continue to use every exertion to give satisfaction to every person who favours him with their custom. It is his intention, if required by the public, to substitute other stages than those now used, such as may be deemed more convenient, and more ornamental. Having been the first person to establish a regular line of Broadway stages, and having been nearly twenty years pursuing the occupation of keeping a livery stable in this city, he flatters himself that he fully understands the business in every thing relating to the safety of passengers, good horses, and good carriages.

Evan Jones has seen with regret a card addressed to the public, by A. Brower, in which Mr. Brower refuses to take in exchange any of his stage tickets, and he predicates this refusal upon the fact, that he has a considerable number of Evan Jones's tickets which he will not redeem. Evan Jones certainly will not redeem in money any of his tickets held by Mr. Brower, but he will exchange his own tickets for those of Mr. Brower, of which he holds a considerable amount. Nothing can be fairer than to exchange ticket for ticket; but to ask money for tickets, while Evan Jones holds Brower's tickets, is unreasonable. Tickets are for the accommodation of the public, and not a vendible article between proprietors; Jones sells Brower's tickets, and Brower sells Jones's; it is an article of exchange altogether, and why, after so many years pursuing this plan, he should back out, cannot be accounted for, unless, in a spirit of opposition, he wishes to drive Evan Jones off the line.

Evan Jones informs the public, that he will continue to receive Mr. Brower's tickets from passengers, as he is disposed to show that he has no hostility to Mr. Brower, but only desirous to have a fair proportion of public patronage, such as he may merit. jan.7. 4t.

NEW YORK MALE AND FEMALE PRACTICAL COLLEGE AND ACADEMY.

President I. Goward, A. M. Professor and Teacher of Languages, Arts and Sciences, Music and Penmanship, 271-1-2 Grand-street, New York City.—MR. and MRS. GOWARD, Principals of the Practical Female College and Academy, Collegiate course—6 terms of 16 weeks each, 2 preparatory, 4 collegiate, making 96 weeks for $1 each in only Six lessons; viz. Elocution, Grammar, Composition, Book-keeping, Penmanship, Drawing, Painting, Music, Geography, History, Natural History, Botany, Natural Philosophy, Chemistry, Mineralogy, Mental Philosophy, Arithmetic, Algebra, Geometry, Trigonometry, Mensuration, Navigation, Surveying, Astronomy; English, Latin, Greek, French, Spanish, Italian, Hebrew. Juvenile course—2 terms, making 32 weeks, for 25 cents per week. None under 6 or over 10 is admitted. Number limited and select.

N.B. Mr. G. after devoting 10 years to a collegiate and theological course of studies and services in the ministry, was induced at an immense sacrifice to adopt the profession of Education, on account of his very great and peculiar faculty for teaching. He therefore hopes to merit the still increasing patronage of the public, while he solemnly pledges his all for life to the great work of useful and practical Education, which takes only 1-4 the time and 1-20 the expense of our colleges, yet is 100 times better for active life. For references, circulars, &c. apply to I. GOWARD, from 1 to 3 P. M. every day, except Saturday. 371-1-2 Grand-street, New-York City.

Dec.3.

MOCASIN MANUFACTORY,

Store No. 106 Chatham st. corner of Pearl.

JOHN NICHOLS, (successor to William Jackson,) manufacturer of pure hair matresses and feather beds, ladies and gentlemen's mocasins, of every description, wholesale and retail, on the best terms. All who wish a good article, at a fair price, are invited to call.

Old matresses cleaned and repaired. Steamboats and packets supplied at the shortest notice.

INDIA RUBBER SHOES,

OF a superior quality and size, for sale, wholesale and retail, at the lowest market prices, by

N. B. GRAHAM, Jr.

jan.7. 38 Cedar, c. William st.

FREEMAN'S CELEBRATED INDIAN SPECIFIC,

FOR Coughs, Colds, Consumptions, &c. For sale by GEORGE D. COGGESHALL,

dec.3. Druggist, corner Pearl and Rose-sts.

OPERATIONS ON THE TEETH.

MR. BRYAN, Surgeon Dentist, No. 21 Warren street, near Broadway, has now prepared for insertion a beautiful assortment of the best description of

INCORRUPTIBLE TEETH,

In imitation of human teeth, of unchangeable color, and never liable to the least decay.

Mr. Bryan performs all necessary operations on the Teeth, and in all applicable cases continues to use his

PATENT PERPENDICULAR TOOTH EXTRACTOR,

highly recommended by many of the most eminent Physicians and Surgeons of this city, whose certificates may be seen on application: the use of this instrument he reserves exclusively to himself in this city.

For further information relative to his Incorruptible Teeth, as well as respecting his manner of performing Dental operations in general, Mr. Bryan has permission to refer to many respectable individuals and eminent physicians, among whom are the following: Valentine Mott, MD., Samuel W. Moore, M.D., Francis E. Berger, M. D., D. W. Kissam, Jr. M. D, Amaziah Wright, M. D. and John C. Cheeseman, M. D.

August 6 tf38

INCORRUPTIBLE TEETH.

The subscriber most respectfully begs leave to invite the attention of ladies and gentlemen, who are wishing to supply, in the BEST POSSIBLE MANNER, *the loss of their teeth, to his admirable* IMITATION HUMAN INCORRUPTIBLE TEETH.

THESE teeth possess decided advantages and eminent superiority over every other kind of artificially inserted teeth, and over all other substances used for similar purposes. They possess highly polished and vitrified surface most beautiful enamel, and that *peculiar animated appearance* which exactly corresponds with the living natural teeth. They are unchangeable in their color, and may be had in every gradation of shade, to suit any that may be remaining in the mouth—so as to elude the closest scrutiny in detection. They are INCORRUPTIBLE! and with their *colour*, retain their *form, solidity, durability, polish, strength* and *beauty*, to the last period of human existence. In point of *economy* they will be found highly advantageous to the wearer; as they will outlast many successive sets of teeth ordinarily supplied. Having passed the ordeals of *fire* and *acid*, they do not, like teeth formed of animal substances, absorb the saliva, or become saturated with the juices of the mouth, nor retain sticking to them particles of food, causing putridity and disgusting smell; they therefore neither offend the taste nor contaminate the breath.

From the unprecedented patronage which a liberal and discerning public has bestowed upon the subscriber's "Imitation Human Incorruptible Teeth," other dentists have deemed it *not* unfair to appropriate the *name* to teeth of *their* procuring and inserting; and while with heartfelt gratitude the subscriber acknowledges the very gracious as well as bountiful manner with which his professional services have been received by the enlightened citizens of this great metropolis, he deems it no less his duty to *caution* his patrons and the public, that his "Imitation Human Incorruptible Teeth" are, in this city, inserted by *himself only.*

The subscriber will continue to furnish ladies and gentleman with single teeth to entire sets in a style not surpassed nor excelled in Europe or America.

Every operation upon the teeth performed on the most modern, improved, scientific principles, with the least possible pain, and correct professional skill.

Gangrene of the teeth removed, and the decaying teeth rendered artificially sound, by stopping, with gold, metalic paste, or platinum. Teeth nicely cleaned of salivary calculus *tartar*, hence removing that peculiarly disgusting fetor of a bad breath. Irregularities in children's teeth prevented, in adults remedied. Teeth extracted with the utmost care and safety, and old stumps, fangs, or roots remaining in the sockets, causing ulcers, gumbiles, alveolar abscesses, and consequently an unpleasant breath, removed with nicety and ease.

The subscriber is kindly permitted to refer, if necessary to a very great number of ladies and gentlemen of the first respectability, as well as to many of the eminent and distinguished members of the medical faculty.

JONATHAN DODGE, L. N. H. OPERATIVE DENTAL SURGEON,

Manufacturer and Inserter of "Incorruptible Imitation Human Teeth,"

No. 5 Chambers street.

H. BEHEAN, Ladies and Gentlemen's Hair Cutter, Dresser, Perfumer, and Ornamental Hair Manufacturer, from Paris and London: Begs leave to inform his friends and the public, that he has commenced business at 411 Broadway, one door from Lispenard-street, and hopes, from his experience, combined with a thorough knowledge of his business to merit a share of public patronage which shall ever be his study to deserve.

Ladies' Ornamental Hair of every description and of the newest Parisian and London fashions; Gentlemen's Wigs, Toupees, &c., made on the most improved principles warranted not to shrink in the wearing of them.

☞ An elegant assortment of Perfumery, Brushes, Cutlery, &c. &c. which he can warrant genuine.

Nov. 20 1y

GOLD AND SILVER EVER POINTED PENCIL CASES,

No. 61 Spring street, near Broadway, New York. Ever points afloat.

LOWNDS & DURANT have now on hand a general assortment of ever pointed pencil cases, comprising a variety of paterns; warranted not inferior to any made in the Country for style of workmanship, or beauty of the article which they offer to the public at reduced prices. A reasonable discount to wholesale dealers.

FASHIONABLE HAT STORE.

S. WINTERTON, 166 Canal street, 3 doors north of Varick street, has constantly on hand an elegant assortment of Gentlemen's Black and Drab Hats, of the latest fashion; as well as of every other description, as good as can be made at $2 and upwards.

Persons purchasing at the above place, will have the advantage of getting a good article for less money than at any other store in the city.